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Special Report on the Arms Race

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Radical Temper by J. B. Priestley

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Tribute to Epstein with Vicky drawing

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The Pilgrim's Progress

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S arrival in Europe marks the full realisation of the initiative towards Summit diplomacy which began with Mr Macmillan's Moscow visit earlier this year. That visit incurred the icy disapproval of the State Department and the White House; and the President's present tour of the western capitals, as a preliminary to his talks with Mr Krushchev, signifies a striking shift in the US diplomatic approach since Mr Dulles. Indeed, the President arrives under even more favourable auspices than had been expected. For, at his press conference this week he revealed that he was optimistic about making at least a start on serious negotiations about 'general or special' disarmament and a solution of the problem of a divided Germany. The notion of 'talking for talking's sake', without formal agenda, in the hope that heads of agreement might be easier to find in the more relaxed atmosphere of Summit diplomacy, is Mr Macmillan's and was always anathema to Dulles.

Fortified though he may be by his new identity of view with the British Prime Minister, Eisenhower still has two considerable obstacles to surmount before meeting Mr Krushchev: Dr Adenauer and President de Gaulle are ranged like the Slough of Despond and the Hill Difficulty between Pilgrim and his Summit. Adenauer, determined to maintain the political structure of West Germany even if he cannot expand its territory beyond the Elbe, is implacably opposed to any foreseeable 'negotiated settlement' of the German problem. De Gaulle's position is different: he is prepared for Summit talks (so long as he is himself assured of a place at the High Table) – but on conditions. As a price of French support, Eisenhower must underwrite (which he will almost certainly refuse to do) the colonial war in Algeria; and, of course, any agreement to suspend nuclear tests must exclude France. Despite their differences, however, Adenauer and de Gaulle present themselves to Eisenhower in something like a common guise: both are Cold Warriors, since both can achieve maximum political impact only in conditions of maximum Cold War.

In fact, their effective influence may be less than either of these myopic old men yet understands. Adenauer's shabby and undignified manœuvres against Dr Erhard have revealed to the outside world the degree of opposition to his bigotry which now exists in West Germany and even in his own party. Moreover, in terms of *Realpolitik*, West Germany is truly a satellite: it depends on Nato for its very existence; and, so long as Britain and the US stand together, Adenauer's bluff can be safely called.

De Gaulle is more difficult. In the first place, the continuation of the French nuclear programme may rule out even a three-power agreement to stop nuclear testing. But a test-suspension agreement between the US, the USSR and Britain is already in sight, and a failure to realise it now would mark a sharp deterioration in great-power relations. Secondly, France may really be prepared to walk out of Nato, unless de Gaulle's demands are met. Yet even here one may hope that Eisenhower's amiability of manner will accompany toughness of purpose. France's one real bargaining counter is blackmail over the Nato bases; and that should be met with firmness. It would be difficult, but not impossible – and in France's present mood not necessarily undesirable – to revise Nato dispositions on the basis of non-participation by the French. The one thing, indeed, that de Gaulle has proved by his repeated threats is that France is still an expendable ally.

That Eisenhower, ailing and unversed in the usages of either international bargaining or dictatorial argument, should be expected to measure himself against Adenauer and de Gaulle, may seem a wild surmise. Yet there is, we believe, cause for a qualified and cautious optimism. It stems not so much from any good influence which Mr Macmillan may be able to exercise in his much-publicised meetings with the President; still less from the White House image of the 'revivified Ike'; but from the fact that there does seem to have been a real shift in American public opinion. The Republicans won the 1952 election by promising peace in Korea. Now they and the British Tories have a common electoral interest in thawing the Cold War.

Comments on the Week's News

Wisdom from Erin

Ireland's enlightened Minister of External Affairs, Mr Aiken, has placed the western powers in an embarrassing position by announcing a motion, at next month's General Assembly, calling on the nuclear powers not to supply nuclear weapons to other countries, and on non-nuclear powers to refrain from manufacturing them. Russia will have no difficulty in supporting this motion, but Britain and the United States are almost certain to abstain unless the motion also contains proposals for a control system. This seems illogical as well as unwise. It is true that, without controls, such a motion would not prevent Russia from handing over nuclear weapons to China or the eastern European satellites (though so far she has, understandably, shown no sign of wishing to do so). But if she were caught in the act of breaking her pledge, world opinion would turn against her, whereas as things stand she can distribute such weapons without necessarily incurring censure. Moreover, it is hard to see how the Anglo-Saxon powers would lose by this self-denying ordinance. Under the Anglo-US agreement on nuclear exchanges, and the terms of the amended US Atomic Energy Act, nuclear weapons or secrets cannot be handed over to a third power unless it already possesses 'nuclear capacity'. Since Canada has already renounced manufacture of the bomb, and West Germany is banned by the terms of the Western Union treaty from attempting it, the only ally likely to fall into this category is France. But there is no Anglo-US intention to present France with the bomb; indeed, her decision to go ahead is deplored by both the Atlantic allies. Anglo-US unwillingness to endorse the Aiken motion thus raises the suspicion that they reserve the right, when convenient, to allow West Germany to escape from her treaty obligations. Finally, the West's attitude will be judged in the light of the latest statement from the US Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy, which reports an alarming increase in fall-out since 1954, and warns that resumption of testing could produce 'a hazard to the world's population'. There is still time, before the Assembly meets, for Britain and the US to follow Russia's example and announce that they will not be the first to resume tests.

India and China

Mr Nehru has said nothing in the Indian Parliament to justify scare headlines about a likely war between India and China. He replied once again to opponents who want to discredit him personally and are willing further to exacerbate India's relations with Peking. The Premier chose his words with precision. He knew of no troop concentration against India. Delhi had treaty obligations to defend Sikkim and Bhutan, but he could not imagine that an infringement of their sovereignty by a foreign power was likely. Bhutan, one of the most remote places in the world, still without roads or even an airstrip, had not asked for military help, and he had not any confirmation of reports that Chinese propaganda was urging these frontier populations to become 'once again a united country under China'. He knew of no pamphlet calling for the liberation of these people from their 'capitalist oppressor'. In short, Mr Nehru admitted grounds for anxiety and agreed that there were problems of trade and the treatment of Indians in Tibet under discussion with Peking; but he denied that there was anything at present to suggest any breach of treaty or physical threat. All this means, of course, that the Indian government – and everybody else – must be anxious but not alarmist about the Tibetan frontier. The Dalai Lama's recent denunciations of the Chinese, inflammatory articles in the Chinese and Indian papers, and the plight of Indians in Tibet and of Tibetan exiles in India – all these must cause widespread unrest among frontier peoples, who are mainly Buddhists, and at least half of whom are Tibetan in origin. The danger that India's frontier states may be involved in the Tibetan struggle is real, but not, as Mr Nehru says, at present likely to spread further. Nehru's sober reaffirmation of India's defence obligation is likely to have a salutary effect.

Playing With Fire

If, in spite of American objections, the international commission had been recalled, the real facts in Laos might have been established. India and Poland urged it, and judging by the Soviet press last week, the Russians share their concern. The North Vietnamese Foreign Minister, Pham Van Dong, keeps up a barrage of letters to the chairman in Laos, demanding emergency measures 'to curb growing US intervention in Laos' and the recall of the commission, and he is supported by Peking radio, which mobilises such Communist-front bodies as the World Peace Council and the Afro-Asian Solidarity Council to pass appropriate resolutions. On the other side, unconfirmed reports of serious fighting are exploited by the Laos emissary in New York, who, with American encouragement, is trying to bring his country's case before the UN and, as Eisenhower has now informed a press conference, to persuade Washington to increase its already large subsidies to Laos. The Chief of US Naval Operations is widely quoted for his statement to the press: 'If the US thought the situation required American military support, the Navy would send a carrier task force to the area'. China, he added, was 'pushing pretty hard'. He gave no evidence for this statement. Indeed, he seems to be himself a victim of the propaganda which pours out of Peking, Hanoi and New York, as well as Vientiane. The danger seems to arise less from spasmodic guerilla fighting, which is all that we know to be occurring in Laos, than from the rival propagandas which may provoke more serious intervention. Is the international commission a reality or not? If it is not, the sooner this is recognised the better; and this is presumably the core of Mr Hammarskjold's present talks with the British delegation to the UN.

Central African Cauldron

With unbelievable complacency, Sir Robert Armitage, Governor of Nyasaland, has announced his constitutional changes as though they represented a tremendous concession to liberal democracy. In fact, all they do is to enable him to appoint four new government-sponsored members to the Legislative Council – two of them representing the Congress leaders he has unseated – and to select two African nominees for the Executive. Apparently the Governor and his government even now do not appreciate that Africans find no satisfaction in simply having additional black skins in their parliament: it is the representative character of new members which concerns them. The Africans of Nyasaland – not only Congress, but its opponents equally – are demanding a House of 40 members, 32 of them Africans; yet this demand itself is subsidiary to their insistence that these members be elected. However many Africans Sir Robert Armitage can find to accept government nomination, these will not impress the African masses who will see them only as 'government stooges'. The Governor seems to be living in a fantasy of his own creation, marked not only by his latest *gaffe*, but equally illustrated by the inane statement he made on his return from London that there should be a two-year lull in the most spectacular forms of political activity, with politics kept 'to door to door canvassing'. Such wishful thinking is matched by Sir Roy Welensky's United Federal Party, which has just proposed that the Nyasaland problem could be solved by the appointment of a single new African member – to give nearly three million Africans parity with 8,000 Europeans. Meanwhile the white copperminers and railwaymen of Central Africa are engaged in a bitter battle against African advancement in industry, even proposing nationalisation of the mines so that conditions in them can be controlled by the European-dominated parliament. Even more sinister is the action of the Northern Rhodesian government in undermining the opposition of Paramount Chief Chitimukulu by increasing the powers of Bemba sub-chiefs under him. The authorities in Central Africa seem to have learnt nothing from the experience of the last six months.

No Compromise?

Sir Tom Williamson has had his expected victory. Last week, at the recalled conference of the National Union of General and Municipal Workers, he persuaded the delegates to endorse the Labour Party's nuclear policy. The size of the majority (194-139) shows that most of the unilateralists stood firm. But by insisting on blanket endorsement or rejection, Sir Tom lost an opportunity to play a mediating role in the nuclear controversy: it was impossible for anyone on the floor to move amendments which might have served as a bridge, both at the TUC and Labour Party conferences, between the official line and the critics now led by Mr Frank Cousins. It is getting very late to look for such a compromise, and the firm stand taken by Sir Tom – which reflects Mr Gaitskell's personal view – suggests that Mr Cousins may be forced to fight for his position all the way to a decisive vote. This may be damaging to Labour's electoral prospects, but the blame does not lie with the supporters of nuclear disarmament. From the moment when, somewhat reluctantly, the party leadership decided to revise its nuclear policy, no serious effort was made to reach an acceptable compromise on the three points that Mr Cousins believed to be crucial. First, that Britain would never restart nuclear tests. Second, that Britain would announce that she would never use the bomb first. Finally, that suspension of manufacture should stop while negotiations about a non-nuclear club were taking place. That is where the real breach occurred. It is now going to be widened into a more serious and public disagreement at Blackpool, unless the leadership shows last-minute willingness to discuss a compromise. The TUC conference could provide a forum.

The ETU Enquiry

The section of the TUC General Council's report which deals with the Electrical Trades Union shows clearly that Mr Haxell and his colleagues tried to evade 'making any serious and sustained effort to deal with the charges made publicly against the union and some of its officers'. The long correspondence is marked at each stage by growing impatience on the part of the General Council, and prevarication by the ETU leadership. When it became clear that the TUC would insist on some kind of reply, the ETU executive started its own inquiry into the charges – an extraordinary procedure in which opposition members of the union were expected to make their case before a tribunal responsible to the men they have accused of ballot irregularities, of breaches of union rules, and of running a secret political faction within the union. The inquiry has finally been completed and submitted to the TUC, in an attempt to give the ETU leadership the last word before the TUC meets next month. It may, perhaps, convince some of the delegates that the ETU leaders have been the victim of hostile propaganda by the capitalist press – a line of argument with which they have already had some success. It may also seem sufficient excuse for dropping the whole affair to others who feel that this squalid episode has been damaging to the trade union movement as a whole. But by its nature it is unconvincing, especially if it is read in the context of the correspondence with the General Council. What trust can be felt in any document submitted by Mr Haxell when, on 16 April, he told the TUC: 'My executive council has no evidence that union affairs are influenced or controlled' by Communist advisory committees, and went on to deny the existence of any committees of this kind? For tactical reasons, the advisory committees may have been formally wound up. But there must have been grim smiles at the executive table when that sentence was read out: five of the 11 Executive members are Communists; the three most prominent Communist officials in the union also attend it. They, and some of the 20 full-time union officials who are CP members, have regularly discussed union business with CP organisers at these 'advisory committees'. The General Council knows this just as well as Mr Haxell, and it has properly asked the ETU leaders to appear before it. An inquiry which included some independent assessors, from other unions or specialists in trade union law and procedure, would have carried weight. This inquiry is merely a partisan defence.

The Comedy at Carshalton

'Up the Pope!', said the ejected Anglican priest from Carshalton as his parting shot directed at the Bishop of Southwark. His remark – and the sense of comedy which lurks behind last week-end's revival of the battle-cries of ritualism – may serve to enable the Church of England to get itself out of a difficult fix. For behind this week's popular-press headlines lies a real issue of conscience for the Church of England. The sands of ritualism which have been allowed to drift for 30 years have once again blown up into a nasty storm. The whole business seems to have been started by Bishop Stockwood's liturgical directions, issued to his diocese last month, in which he sought to ban certain usages in the 1928 Prayer Book, which has no legal validity: this ruling was the curtain-raiser to last week-end's drama. By preparing his ground on 'lawful authority', the Bishop no doubt hoped to protect his own position by the promulgation of general principles. But all he has succeeded in doing is projecting a particular incident (where the practices had in any case gone far beyond the 1928 Prayer Book) into a general controversy. Ever since the revised Prayer Book controversy of 1927-8 the position with regard to Anglican ritual has been very delicate. Unwilling at that time to threaten disestablishment as a reprisal, and yet unable in their hearts to accept the decision of 'a largely pagan' House of Commons, the Bishops decided to push through the back door what they had failed to gain admission for at the front. A meeting of Bishops held in July 1929 issued a statement which declared, in brief, that no parson using any of the additions or deviations appearing in the rejected Prayer Book would incur any charge of disloyalty to the Church. The spirit of the compromise was admirably summed up by the present Archbishop of Canterbury when (as Bishop of London) he told the Upper House of Convocation in 1942 that 'although he found it difficult to the point of impossibility to forbid' a particular deviation, yet 'it was not in his power to authorise it'.

It is this hair-line compromise that Dr Stockwood has now challenged – in his original directive forbidding the use of the 1928 Communion service, in his explanatory letters to the press, and in his statements, though not in his action, at Carshalton. By saying firmly that he is a man under authority and that he must obey the law, he has, apparently deliberately, moved in to occupy a bridgehead in what has long been, to the relief of everyone, a theoretical no-man's land. The whole incident could turn out to be just a single week's wonder; but it could equally well have lasting repercussions for the whole relation of church and state. In any case it is worth recalling that this is only the fourth month of Dr Stockwood's episcopate. He seems already to have outstripped Dr Barnes, the late Bishop of Birmingham (who once suggested testing the doctrine of transubstantiation by submitting the Host to chemical analysis).

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

No Change to the East

There is no solid evidence at present that there is going to be any thaw in the frozen relations between the United States and Communist China to parallel the Eisenhower-Krushchev exchange of visits. It may seem only logical that serious East-West negotiations, notably on a nuclear inspection agreement, cannot proceed very far unless the government on the China mainland is brought into them, but there are strong countervailing pressures that defeat this line of reasoning.

The fundamental American attitude toward Communist China, both of the general public and the various policymaking elites in Congress, the government, and the press, tends to vary directly in relation to China's external actions. When the Communists came to power on the mainland ten years ago, the American response was apathetic and confused. There was suspicion of the new regime because it was Communist; mixed with this was an astonishment at the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek and bewilderment as to what the United States could do.

While the State Department was following the cautious policy of permitting 'the dust to settle', the Chinese intervened in the Korean War and aroused the full patriotic wrath of an American nation engaged, however half-heartedly, in military combat. This universal patriotic reaction was soon exploited and obscured by the Republican Party in its drive to picture the Democrats as the party of war and treason and drive the Truman administration from office.

Once the Eisenhower administration took over and the Korean and Indo-China truces were negotiated, feeling against Red China began to abate. The American Assembly, a conference of influential private citizens which General Eisenhower had been instrumental in organising while he was president of Columbia University, met in the summer of 1954, and went on record against any rigid policy of permanent opposition to the Red Chinese regime. It urged the administration to keep the door open to a rapprochement.

Asked about this at his next news conference, President Eisenhower described the Assembly's position as 'realistic' and observed that it was impossible to know 'what the conditions five years from now were going to be'.

Those five years have now passed and the situation remains about the same. For a time a basic shift in American policy seemed increasingly unavoidable. But then came last year's renewed Communist attacks on the islands in the Formosa Straits. The Democrats in and out of Congress, in a rare show of party aggressiveness on a foreign policy issue, attacked the administration decision to hold the militarily worthless and ultimately indefensible islands of Quemoy and Matsu. When the administration did not yield and the Communists eventually abandoned the attack, the late Secretary Dulles could properly claim at least a temporary victory for his policy of no change.

In recent months, news of the totalitarian communes in China, the Communist onslaught on Tibet, and the flare-up in Laos has served to keep intact a broad general support for existing administration policy. Among the general public, there is another issue of great concern. That is the fate of the four Americans held in Chinese prisons. The man in the street may soon forget about the misfortunes of the Dalai Lama and may have no idea where (or what) Laos is, but the captivity of these Americans is something readily understandable. No other factor is more important in keeping alive feelings of acute hostility toward the Chinese Communist government. This is sentiment no important American politician is prepared to offend. Only the President could initiate a new direction in China policy just as only he had the prestige and entrenched position to make a Krushchev visit possible.

Representative Porter, a youthful Oregon Democrat, wrote to Mr Eisenhower earlier this month suggesting that he invite Communist Premier Chou En-lai to this country and consider a broad exchange of persons such as has been undertaken with the Russians. The President replied: 'I cannot agree with you that it would be desirable for this country to give diplomatic recognition to Communist China or for

NEXT WEEK

The Party Lines on Leisure
by J. B. Priestley

A science fiction satire
by Bertrand Russell

me to invite Chou En-lai to visit this country. So long as the balance of advantage lies in maintaining our present policies in the Far East, I believe we should not change them. I believe these policies best serve the cause of peace'. Since only three months ago Mr Eisenhower was deploring the concept of personal diplomacy by heads of state, he clearly is capable of changing his mind on a major issue. But unless he reverses himself as he did regarding the Krushchev visit, there is no chance for a change in American policy toward China.

The House of Representatives subsequently passed yet another of its many resolutions in recent years against admission of Communist China to the United Nations. The vote of 368 to two, although it undoubtedly represented majority sentiment in the House, was a swollen figure because the issue is so susceptible of demagogy during a political campaign that those congressmen who actually have open minds on the China issue closed them in self-protection.

Barring some unexpected dramatic breakthrough in the East-West stalemate that would demand Chinese participation, there would seem to be three requirements necessary for a major turn in Sino-American relations. There would have to be a release of the imprisoned Americans, a period of calm in the relations between China and its weaker, smaller neighbours, and a new man in the White House interested in exploring new policy possibilities in the Far East. We seem therefore to be at least a year and a half away from any important re-valuation of American Far Eastern policy.

WILLIAM V. SHANNON

Paris

The Question

Our Paris Correspondent writes: For de Gaulle's ministers, it has been a working August. While the rest of France has been enjoying brilliant weather, and a record tourist season, ministers have been sweating it out in Paris. On 12 August, the General summoned them back from vacation, and asked them a blunt – and unexpected – question: how was the Algerian problem to be solved? Their replies were not distinguished by intellectual clarity. Not knowing how the General's own mind was moving, none of them was anxious to go out on a limb; besides, wasn't *le Patron* himself supposed to have laid down the policy in his Constantine speech? The discussion was thus confused and inconclusive, and at the end of it the General tartly set his ministers a holiday task: they must put their thoughts down plainly on paper, and present them at a further meeting on 26 August.

Before committing themselves, the ministers began to make discreet inquiries in political circles, to see how opinion was moving; thus the great debate on Algeria has been reopened, after months of stagnation. From this, it appears that a majority of ministers, though still publicly committed to the inevitable success of 'pacification', no longer really believe in the theory of 'military paternalism' – that is, victory through a combination of arms and higher living standards. M. Pinay, it seems will not provide the money needed to build the much-advertised Bône industrial complex, designed to be the symbol of the Constantine plan. Secondly, the army is asking for more manpower, and is not satisfied with the mere ending of student exemptions. Finally, nobody believes that M. Debré's crude threats are going to force the US to back France at the UN, and a two-thirds majority in favour of a negotiated solution is expected when the General Assembly debates Algeria. Time is thus running out. Decisions are urgently needed. But what are they to be?

The right wing – Debré, Soustelle and Co. – think that all France need do is to make a gesture (possibly a new version of the 'Peace of the Brave' offer) to throw back responsibility for the war on to the FLN. The liberal wing, led by M. Michelet, favours a genuine attempt to negotiate with Ferhat Abbas; they believe it is still possible to get the FLN to work a settlement in which Algeria would be a part of a Franco-North African economic bloc. But what of de Gaulle himself? According to one theory, he is ready to part company with Debré, installing instead a civil servant who would undertake negotiations at his orders. Others believe de Gaulle will do nothing against the wishes of the army. A third rumour is that after the meeting of the French Community on 10 September, de Gaulle will publicly explain his government's differences on Algeria, and invite the French nation to choose by referendum. Eisenhower's visit – which should finally dispel hopes that the US will help France to achieve a military solution – may well make this third choice more likely. In the meantime, much will depend on the General's own reactions when he visits Algeria this week.

Discovering the Old World

Fleet Street

Trust in Whom?

Probing into the various means by which it had been suggested newspapers might be made better, the Royal Commission on the Press came to the conclusion that, despite a good deal of popular belief to the contrary, the establishment of trusts for newspapers did not necessarily provide an answer. Now, ten years later, PEP has published a report, *The Work of Newspaper Trusts*, which comes to pretty much the same conclusions. Coming from PEP, this is a rather disappointing document. It adds nothing to what the Royal Commission had already done and makes no attempt to look behind the words of such trust deeds as there are to discover how they have actually worked out in practice. Since the Royal Commission reported, for example, one journal which is protected by a trust has changed ownership and altered its character and policies considerably. But the PEP report does not consider how far the existence of the trust had to be taken into account during these changes; nor does it make any attempt to discover whether the existence of a formal trust makes any difference to the degree of editorial independence of journals of comparable character. Moreover, although the investigating team presumably knows some editors, there is no sign that they have ever asked any of them how their papers are actually run. It is a great pity that PEP did not manage to do a more thorough job on the actual working of trusts.

At a time when one of the biggest chains of newspapers in the country has just changed hands almost over-night, a serious attempt to discover whether there is any machinery which could, in a take-over society, be used to ensure some continuity in our newspapers would have been valuable. Such attempts as there have been in Britain to de-commercialise the press by establishing trusts, vary enormously in their scope – and even in their purpose. There are three ownership trusts, the *Observer* trust, the *Daily News* trust, and the Scott trust; but only one of them, the *Observer* trust, specifically safeguards the independence of the editor (who must, like the trustees, be a Protestant), and then only against the board of directors and not against the trustees – although in practice the extent of his independence is very great. So, of course, is that of editor of *The Guardian* who, once appointed, is left virtually in complete control of policy within the general framework of the paper's character, which the trust exists to preserve. But this is due to tradition, not to any formal safeguards in what is essentially a family trust. As to the *Daily News* trust, it gives no greater security or independence to the editors of the *News Chronicle* and the *Star* than exists in any purely commercially run newspaper. *The Times* has a trust. But this – like the *Spectator* trust – is concerned solely with controlling transfers of shares. Contrary to popular belief, the editor of *The Times*, so far from having his independence guaranteed, is in the hands of the chief proprietors, who are specifically empowered by the company's articles of association to control editorial policy. Editorial freedom in Printing House Square is a matter of tradition and custom.

In the main, then, such trusts as these are concerned much more with ownership than editorship. Quite a number of provincial papers also have safeguards against indiscriminate share transfers: anyone who wants to buy shares in the *Yorkshire Post*, for example, must first satisfy the directors that he is a Conservative. Some trusts have large and noble aspirations. That controlling the Bristol *Evening Post*, for example, has borrowed the words of the last will and testament of a former owner of the *New York Times*, and declares its purpose to be the perpetuation of the paper as 'entirely fearless, free from ulterior influences and unselfishly devoted to the public welfare without regard to individual advantage or ambition, the claims of party politics or the voice of religion or personal prejudice or predeliction'. Other trusts stick to a few bare legal clauses about who can and cannot own shares. There is no evidence that in this matter high thoughts expressed in generalised terms are more effective than plain facts or, indeed, that journals with formal trusts are necessarily more public spirited than some of those without – it all depends on who owns them and who edits them – and (more important than is sometimes appreciated) who reads them.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Report on the Arms Race

Though President Eisenhower's decision to meet Mr Krushchev in private conclave is primarily political, it also reflects the reappraisal of Soviet military power which has been taking place in Washington during the past two years. As a background to the coming talks, therefore, we felt it would be useful to make a brief examination of the present relative strength of the United States and Soviet Russia, and to indicate if and how it is likely to change during the next few years. The following survey is based on an analysis of the published evidence (some of which is conflicting). Though it cannot claim to be authoritative in every respect, it gives, in general, a reliable picture of the present arms balance between East and West.

THE United States and Russia are the only two great powers in the world today, and the only ones, in the foreseeable future, which can aspire to this rank. It is important to understand why this is so. Several advanced nations (notably Britain) have the capacity to develop and maintain a single modern weapons-system, such as the British V-bombers with the H-bomb warheads. But only the United States and Russia have the financial, industrial and technical manpower resources to develop competing weapons-systems, which alone can ensure the operational maturity of one of them at any given moment. Secondly, only these two powers can afford the range of equipment, and the operational mobility, required to adapt their response to the varying magnitudes of the war situations which may confront them. Thirdly, these alone can attempt to defend (however inadequately) their industrial base, and so make their national survival possible. It is debatable how far either has been able to meet these three conditions; what is certain is that they alone can make the attempt.

Within this framework, let us examine the relative success of both in maintaining great power status. The most accurate way to do this is not to make a simple inventory of their armed forces, but to describe their ability to respond to the various categories of armed conflict. These, in ascending order, are: (1) the local 'brush-fire' or limited war, fought with or without nuclear weapons; (2) a major 'conventional' war; (3) a major war, fought with tactical nuclear weapons; (4) an 'all out' war.

In the first category, the United States has a distinct advantage. With a world-wide system of fleets and air-bases, she is in a position to make a rapid concentration of firepower at most points on the neutral fringe of the Communist block, and especially in the two most sensitive 'brush-fire' areas, South-East Asia and the Middle East. It is true that the six 'alerted' divisions (2 airborne, 2 infantry and 2 Marine) which form the US Strategic Army Corps cannot easily be moved from the continental United States: last year, it was revealed in Washington that her entire resources in air transport would be required for a divisional air-lift.

On the other hand, the Sixth Fleet (permanently based in the Mediterranean) and the Seventh Fleet (West Pacific) constitute in themselves the nuclei of 'local war' forces which can be deployed rapidly in their respective theatres. Normally each consists of two to four 'attack' carriers, plus auxiliaries; but in moments of crisis, each force can be raised to six carriers, capable of launching a strike of 250 bombers and fighter-bombers, carrying either conventional or nuclear weapons. Each has in its area a division of Marines, equipped with divisional armour, artillery and landing craft. In addition, units of the USAF Tactical Air Command – distributed in 35 wings (each of 50-75 front-line aircraft) throughout the world – can rapidly be transferred to a war theatre to form a Tactical Air Force. The vital factor here is not so much the initial size of the response, but the speed with which a balanced force can go into action and establish a bridgehead.

The US 'brush-fire' forces were put to a severe test last summer when both fleets were forced to deploy almost simultaneously, in the Lebanon and off Quemoy. Their response was considered satisfactory. The Sixth Fleet put its first Marines ashore in Beirut only 27 hours after President Chamoun's appeal; within 10 days, two divisions were deployed ashore, with heavy weapons; and air control was assured by an entire Tactical Air Force, moved from Europe, and six carriers. The same day the Lebanon landings were ordered, the Pacific Fleet was put under a separate alert, which it was able to carry out without affecting the Mediterranean build-up. Drawing on the resources of the Pacific commands (420 fleet units, 2 Marine and 2 Army divisions, 2,400 Navy and 600 USAF aircraft) it deployed an amphibious strike force off Formosa within six days. During the second Offshore crisis (end-September) an even more formidable force – including 43 naval air squadrons, 3 Marine and 6 USAF – was deployed in the area, and this concentration was effected without detaching any units from the Middle Eastern theatre, except the carrier *Essex*.

With her interior, but land-locked, lines of communication, Russia cannot match this rapid ability to respond to local wars. Indeed, the slowness and clumsiness of her response to the Hungarian uprising (viewed purely as a military problem) suggests a lack of flexibility in her military planning and an apparent difficulty in assembling, at speed, an *ad hoc* task force. In this field, moreover, the margin of US superiority may increase. By dint of strenuous lobbying, the US Navy, unlike the Army, has managed to retain and even increase its share of the arms budget (28 per cent. for 1959-60). This means it will eventually get six more carriers of the *Forrestal* class (the last to be oil burning) and up to eight of the nuclear-powered *Enterprise* class, the first to be delivered in 1962. Though the latter cost $380

million each, their ability to cruise for a year or more should solve the problem of maintaining standing patrols. In addition, from 1962 onwards, the two fleets will be equipped with amphibious dock transports, which will vastly simplify the problem of landing troops and heavy weapons.

The Achilles' heel of US Naval Power – and therefore of its 'brush-fire' response system – is its inability to meet the threat of the Soviet submarine fleets. In the decade after the war, Russia built submarines at frightening speed. By 1956, she was estimated to have around 500, 50 per cent. of which were ocean-going, and it was calculated that the total would reach 1,000 early in the 1960s. Since then, the construction rate has perceptibly declined. This is probably due to a switch to nuclear craft, capable of firing rockets; costing around $100 million each, they make formidable demands on resources and manpower, and it is doubtful if Russia is yet manufacturing them in quantity. US Naval Intelligence has not yet been able to detect the pattern of Soviet undersea strategy (is the main effort to be to launch rockets at US cities, or to destroy US sea-power?) and for this reason has hesitated to codify its response. A number of new systems of detection are being developed; none is yet regarded as adequate. The 22 US anti-submarine squadrons still operate on a basically World War II technique, and speed – the new US carriers will cruise at over 30 knots – is still regarded as the best defence. By definition, however, Soviet naval power is not a factor in local wars, where the two great powers are not directly at grips. On balance, therefore, the US has an edge – and possibly an increasing edge – in this field.

The possibility of a conventional war in Europe, though remote, is worth considering, because it illustrates the changing patterns of military power. Russia reduced her armed forces (principally army units) by a further 300,000 this January, in addition to the 1,840,000 cut made in the years 1955-57. The old – but still oft repeated – Nato estimate of 175 Soviet divisions in Eastern Europe is therefore out of date. But Soviet superiority is still great. Some 30 divisions are stationed in East Germany, 10 in Hungary; each can, by Western standards, be classified as armoured. Against this, Nato can muster a theoretical 22, of which the 2 British and 5 US form the only reliable element; this is why the West German contribution, which will eventually number 9, is regarded as vital. In equipment, the Soviet divisions are superior (the Soviet infantryman has many times the firepower of his British equivalent), for not even the US Army can match the complete inventory of new weapons with which the Soviet Army has been equipped since 1945. Finally, Russia can triple or even quadruple this force within the first month of combat; it would take six months for Nato to put 60 divisions in action in Europe. For all these reasons, it seems almost inconceivable that the US would agree to accept a war within these limits.

But a European war fought with tactical nuclear weapons seems almost equally unlikely, for again the West would be at a serious disadvantage. Two and possibly more of the US divisions are now Pentomic (i.e., nuclear-armed), but the process of training the first British regiment of nuclear artillery has only just begun. On the Soviet side, there is quite a different situation. Russia has never followed the US policy of making a rigid distinction between strategic and tactical firepower. The Soviet long-range bomber force has never been able to make a corner in long-range nuclear weapons, and 90 per cent. of the Soviet stockpile is believed to be under Army control. Indeed, this February, Marshal Malinovsky, the Soviet Defence Minister, claimed that the Army now possessed a complete operational range of missiles, including ICBMs. This strongly suggests that the Soviet Army – including its units stationed in Europe – now plays an integral, if not a dominant, part in Russia's thermonuclear war plans. It seems unlikely, to put it mildly, that it would accept to engage in a nuclear conflict which precluded it from using its heavy weapons. Such, at any rate, is the view of Nato commanders, who do not believe that the Soviet Army would agree to accept the distinction which their political masters have forced them to make (in theory) between tactical and strategic nuclear weapons.

So we come to the all-out war. Until very recently, and possibly even today, the US had an edge in this field. The US Strategic Air Command has 1,500 B-47s in service (mainly in overseas bases), 500 long-range B-52s (mainly in the US) in addition to medium-range fighter-bombers based in Europe and Japan. Estimates of Soviet bomber strength (mid-1959) are 600 long-range Bisons, capable of a one-way trip to US cities, an unknown number (perhaps 300) of intercontinental Bears (turbo-prop), and 1,000 medium-range Badgers, for use against overseas bases and European targets. The superiority of SAC rests, therefore, not so much in numbers but in its geographical location. Widely scattered in 110 overseas bases, plus 120 in the continental US, its bombers are sufficiently dispersed both to survive a surprise attack and to cover all targets in Russia. By the same token, only a fraction of the Soviet bomber force is in a position to strike at the US heartland, and it must approach the US over the Pole, facing a triple radar screen, over 5,000 manned interceptors and batteries of Nike-Hercules and Nike-Ajax missiles.

This comfortable equation has now been upset by revelations of the Soviet lead in missiles. It is now accepted that Russia has operational IRBMs in East Europe – possibly many hundreds of them. Their existence increases the vulnerability of SAC's overseas bases and therefore reduces the efficacy of the deterrent. Secondly, Russia possesses, or shortly will possess, operational ICBMs, with ranges of up to 8,000 miles. By 1965, she may have as many as 2,000 capable of covering all target areas in the US. Indeed, it is feared that, by this time, Russia will be capable at one and the same time of devastating the US and destroying virtually all SAC's bombers on the ground. This would mean the end of the Great Deterrent, and would restore war as a viable instrument of Soviet policy.

How can the US respond to this threat? One solution is to boost the US air-defence system to 'missile level'. This is not easy, and may be impossible. Existing radar screens cannot detect high-altitude missiles, and their successors are unlikely to give more than 15 minutes' warning. Manned interceptors are no defence. Nor are the Nike batteries. The Bomarc pilotless jet, with its 400-mile range, has already cost $1,000 million and is not yet operational; and it is designed to destroy supersonic bombers, not missiles. The most likely starter is the Army's anti-missile Nike-Zeus; but the Army needs $700 million to begin production, and it may not work. Another anti-missile weapon, the Wizard, is only at the design stage. It is plain, therefore, that during the next few years, the US will have to regard itself as highly vulnerable.

The only alternative that occurs to the military mind is to increase the power of the deterrent. Hence the scramble to set up the Thor bases in Europe. Despite US claims, the first Thors, in Britain, will not be operational before early 1960; those in Italy and Greece will take another year. This will marginally strengthen the deterrent, by increasing the number of targets which must be destroyed to nullify it, but it is no long-term solution. Another stop-gap is the B-58 bomber, the first squadrons of which come into service before the end of this year. With a speed of Mach 2 (twice the speed of sound), the B-58 is perhaps the most powerful weapon in existence; but the Soviet equivalent of the Bomarc, now under development, will destroy it. Should the US continue in the manned-bomber field, and concentrate simply on increasing speed? A number of projects – including one for a Mach 6 bomber – are under discussion. But the cost is fabulous, and it seems probable that the speed at which defensive missiles can be developed will soon make the manned-bomber a lost cause. Nevertheless, the US is not ready to take the risk, and it is probable that the Air Force will be allowed to develop the B-70, flying at Mach-3 and equipped with the stand-off bomb.

What of the long-range rocket? The Atlas is proving an incorrigibly unsatisfactory weapon, which perhaps justifies the Administration's decision to produce it only in limited quantities. The Minuteman, a smaller, more accurate and cheaper weapon, powered with solid fuel, and fired from a 'hardened' (underground) base, should be operational in 1965, and the US intends to produce this by the thousand. In the meantime, however, the US will not possess more than 150 operational ICBMs (against up to 2,000 for Russia) and even after 1965 it will take a long time to catch up with Russian inventories.

The last alternative is the Polaris, fired from nuclear submarines. The US Navy claims that this is the nearest approach to the ultimate weapon, because it is virtually invulnerable to attack. Indeed, the Navy brass see themselves as eventually taking over the role of SAC. But this is never likely to happen. The Polaris is small, not very reliable, and with a range of only 1,500 miles; it cannot, at present, carry a megaton warhead. Moreover, nobody yet knows whether it will really work. The first Polaris submarine, launched in June, will be commissioned in late-1960. Five more are under construction, and orders for a further six are expected. Each will carry 16 missiles equipped with kiloton warheads. The Navy hopes eventually to have a fleet of forty, able to deal with 175-200 target-complexes in Russia; thus, it claims, it alone will be able to deal a knock-out blow, from indestructible bases. The Air Force does not accept this: the firepower of such a fleet, it calculates, would be inadequate. In any event, it would involve a capital outlay of $9,000 million, plus $300 million annual operating costs. The money, it is argued, could be better spent on meeting the challenge of Soviet submarine missiles, which are now believed to be operational off the US coasts.

So far, the Administration has responded to these conflicting theories and demands by maintaining what it terms 'a diversified arsenal'. It is difficult to see what else it can do, but the phrase is none the less a euphemism. Vast sums of money will be spent on a variety of partial solutions. Some of these weapons-systems may not work at all. Some may become obsolete before they are operational. But none can be neglected because any one of them may become, for a time, supreme. Russia faces the same dilemma. Indeed, as the pace of technological development increases, and its range widens, true great power status may become beyond the means of even the wealthiest nations. Is that time approaching? Are the US-Soviet talks the first sign of a mutual recognition that the way ahead can end only in bankruptcy and exhaustion?

Labour's Health Policy

THOSE who take the view that there is no real difference in outlook between the Labour and Conservative parties should direct their attention to the respective attitudes of the parties towards social policy and then think again. For it is in this field, which, after all, is nearest to the welfare of people in the ups and downs of everyday life, that Labour consistently shows its concern for human values and its conviction that essential services must be provided on a footing of equality and expanded for the benefit of the whole community. In contrast to this, the Conservatives have shown in word and deed that they regard social services as a means of providing an ungenerous minimum for the worst victims of a materially competitive society, and as machinery whereby the large expenditure of public money, inevitable in the modern state, on health, housing, education, insurance and other community projects can be minimised – or at best so used as to perpetuate inequalities in society. This has been proved by the legislation and administration of the post-war Labour and Conservative governments, and in the policies with which the parties now hope to convince the electorate.

The National Health Service was one of the 1945 Labour government's most successful achievements. So much so that, when the Conservatives took office in 1951, they were unable to attack its foundations and had to content themselves with secondary modifications. They pursued, however, a line which has consistently caused the service to fall short of the demands made upon it and has perpetuated its original defects. The greatest of these was that from the outset it placed emphasis upon cure rather than prevention. No provision was made for occupational health services, research was pushed into the background, no plan was produced for the improvement of general practice, and responsibility for the supply and education of doctors was divided. Insufficient thought was given to the role of health centres and to the part played by treatment in the home.

The measures proposed in *Members One of Another* fall into two categories. The first deals with steps which will be taken to reverse the present process of contraction and get the service back to 1948 standards. The pledge to abolish charges is reiterated, capital expenditure on hospitals is to be increased, hospital authorities are to be made more flexible with teaching hospitals brought into the general planning structure, the bringing of mental treatment out of its isolation into the central trend of treatment is to be hastened and doctors' lists are to be reduced. These and other changes proposed for almost every section of the service are part of the process of restoration. They are important, but they do not break new ground.

The second series of proposals does this. The failure to provide for health care at work is to be remedied. Each hospital region will prepare a plan for occupational services, having among its objects the provision of medical and nursing facilities at factories, study of health risks, rehabilitation arrangements and the teaching of preventive medicine. At last there is an acknowledgement that medical research is more than a sideline in the National Health Service, and as well as promising more money, there is an indication that its volume in some fields, notably psychiatry, heart and lung disease, cancer, and social medicine, will be increased.

Social aspects of medicine are also to be more prominent in medical teaching. This is necessary if the doctors are to play their full part in the service. It will be well if the proposed inquiry into medical education deals also with the class structure of the profession and doctor-patient relations. One of the greatest failures has been with human relations; and until patients are treated as intelligent beings, the co-operation required to make treatment fully effective will be absent.

These proposals are a step forward, but unfortunately no attempt is made to establish a co-ordinated medical service in which general practitioner, public health and hospital doctor are linked in a bond of common interest. This is a thorny question which involves the principle of a fully salaried service, the whisper of which would bring the big guns of the BMA into action. That, however, is not a good reason why a Labour policy statement should pretend the problem does not exist. Again, is Labour's last word on the drug trade really confined to information services, testing arrangements and price adjustment? Some discussion of the merits of public ownership would surely be justified, the promise of a governmental inquiry even more so. Other weaknesses include failure to deal with the lack of convalescent facilities within the service, and a disappointing evasiveness about the early elimination of hospital pay-beds.

These issues will eventually have to be faced and Labour has missed an opportunity in not raising them in more challenging form now. Meanwhile it has produced a short-term policy, based on principle and experience, which offers the prospect of real progress.

London Diary

I COULD never stomach the category of Republican doctor. When Ike's doctors, all wearing the proper button, assured the world that their patient was twice the man he had been, after a grave illness and a major operation, I checked my impulse to rush off to Guy's and ask them to restore my youth by cutting a yard out of my guts. These medical bulletins were surely the most shocking piece of political cynicism on record. Ike was advertised as being in grand shape because he alone could win the presidential election for the Republican Party. And it worked as I feared. This very honourable old soldier proved to be a shadow in the White House. His powers were delegated to Sherman Adams, John Foster Dulles and Jim Hagerty. The climax was reached when, at a press conference at the height of the Matsu-Quemoy row, Eisenhower said he was not sure whether the Commander of the Seventh Fleet could use his own discretion or had to seek presidential authority before using nuclear weapons against China; he would have to inquire whether the decision to destroy mankind belonged to him or to some admiral. Remembering all this, I am not disposed to believe all the reports about his complete recovery and fitness for a 12-hour day of argument with Krushchev. But neither am I disposed to dismiss all these testimonials to his health as mere propaganda. I am prepared to believe that, faced with a final 18 months stretch in front of him, with his reputation as a great president still to make and nothing to lose except his life, he may have willed himself into mental and physical readiness for a renewed effort of personal statesmanship. Once again, as on the stormy night before the Second Front was launched, he may be prepared to take responsibility on his shoulders; without Dulles and Sherman Adams to act as actor managers, he knows that he has a crucial role to play in the world drama.

* * *

The editor of the *Manchester Guardian* is probably right to drop the 'Manchester' from its title; and for the Warden of Nuffield College to write to *The Guardian* cancelling his subscription and suggesting some 'hypocrisy' in this decision seems to me the height of pompous absurdity. But I can understand why many readers of the *Manchester Guardian* dislike the change. For the last 40 years it has had the unique distinction of being a provincial paper with a world reputation and influence. C. P. Scott, of course, thought its identification with Manchester, where it was so much less subject to the pulls and pushes of Fleet Street and Westminster, vital to its character and influence. But then he was biased by believing that everything in Manchester was superior to everything in London. No one ever so passionately believed that what Manchester thinks today, London may possibly (if it dutifully read the *MG*) be induced to think tomorrow. Scott, like the present editor, wanted to print in London as well as in Manchester. The editor today admits that this is not yet financially possible for *The Guardian*, though it might be if the 'understandable anxieties amongst the trade unions did not prevent the use of the latest developments in the printing machinery'. As it is, I suspect that the change in title is all to the good. Devoted readers will soon get used to *The Guardian*, and some others, at home and abroad, will be attracted who are now put off by the flavour of a specialised local interest. *The Guardian* will then be in a rather better position to compete with *The Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*.

* * *

History is being made by the case of Rupert Max Stuart, an illiterate Australian aboriginal who was condemned to death for the rape and murder of a white child in Southern Australia. Grave doubts were expressed about the evidence and about Stuart's alleged confession. Hundreds of Australians rallied to Dr Evatt's appeal for a respite of execution pending an appeal to the Privy Council. No aboriginal had ever before appealed to the Privy Council, and it was a welcome novelty for white Australians to be much disturbed by injustice to an aboriginal. That their conscience was roused in the case of Stuart was largely due to Mr Rowen Rivett, the editor of *Adelaide News*, the one genuinely liberal daily in the continent. His campaign in the *News* was powerful enough to persuade Sir Thomas Playford (the most complacent politician I ever met) to appoint a Royal Commission to examine the whole case. The disgraceful fact is that the Commission of three included the trial judge who had sentenced Stuart to death, and the Chief Justice of South Australia who had presided in the state court which had already rejected one of his appeals. No wonder that when the Chief Justice interrupted Stuart's counsel during his cross examination of a police witness, the counsel threw up his brief and said that at least he had established that the Commission was 'unable to consider properly the questions before it'.

* * *

William Wilberforce's type of piety is not the taste of this generation, nor are historians inclined to assume quite as simply as they used that great changes in human society are carried

out by the godly virtues of single individuals or groups of men. But that Wilberforce and his abolitionist friends hastened the abolition of the slave trade is indisputable. It was an infamy beyond any other known to history – at any rate until Hitler's extermination camps. The suffering in these slave ships is almost unimaginable; the white men who ran them did not dare to go into the holds where the slaves lay manacled tightly to each other for months while they rolled across the Atlantic, dead, living and dying lying together so that often only a small proportion ever reached America. One thing always sticks in my memory. The Privy Council had to examine a form of chisel which was invented by the slavers to break through the teeth of slaves who were trying to die by starvation. Wilberforce, with the aid of the Quaker group who had already begun the agitation, took twenty years to get his bill through the House of Commons. Slavery, it can be argued, had become less profitable during that time, and so already was on its way out in the age of the French Revolution. But it is a good example of the weakness of the economic interpretation of history that those who made money from the slave trade (on which some existing fortunes are still founded) might long have continued to defeat democratic and philanthropic opinion if Wilberforce had not had unusual individual qualities and political connections. And if the slave trade had continued longer, so would slavery, with incalculable effects on Africa today.

* * * *

Piccadilly is notoriously a dangerous place. And growing more dangerous under the new Act, judging from a report that I've not seen anywhere except in the *Jewish Chronicle*. Three Jewish teenagers, two boys and a girl, had come to London from camp. They arranged to meet in Piccadilly, but the boys were late and the girl had to wait for them. When they arrived and greeted the girl 'Hullo, dear', two policewomen promptly pushed the girl into a Black Maria and took her to Savile Row police station. The boys followed and kept making a fuss until they were put into cells for the night. The girl, whose holiday was only half over, was packed off by train to her parents in Glasgow. The Juvenile Court, I'm glad to see, saw through this nonsense, released the boys, who were charged with violent behaviour at the police station, and gave each of them five guineas cost against the police.

* * *

A spate of letters has reached me this week which show that the Casement affair is one of those that deprive some people of their normal senses. There were two distinct issues. The first was whether the Diaries were used to prevent the reprieve to which his public services, his character – not to speak of his Irish patriotism – entitled him in the minds of enlightened people. Here there is no doubt at all. And this journal has repeatedly – I myself have sometimes used violent language on the subject – denounced this vindictive use of the diary. The second issue is whether the journals were genuine. The suspicion that they were forged has naturally been encouraged by the refusal of the Home Office to allow them to be examined. After 40 years they have been examined by experts, including Dr Fairfield, who had no imaginable reason for whitewashing the politicians and officials who wanted to deprive Casement of a pardon. Last week Dr Fairfield gave her reason for accepting the Diaries as genuine, at the same time adding a warm tribute to his great qualities and, on the basis of her long experience as a doctor, that sexual perversion may be allied with fine character. Yet she and this paper are violently accused of 'tarnishing Casement's name' and apparently maliciously accepting as genuine documents which the writers, on the basis of invincible ignorance, *know* to be forgeries.

* * *

Please will someone tell me the name of the author of this unworthy rhyme?

> I don't like the family Stein!
> There is Gert, there is Ep, there is Ein.
> Gert's writings are punk,
> Ep's statues are junk,
> And nobody understands Ein.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

I am amazed at Mr R. E. Dunstan's audacity in criticising the Queen's diction. Surely she, of all people, should be the one reliable source of information regarding what is colloquially known as the 'Queen's English'? – Letter in *Guardian*. (A. I. Marsh.)

A Methodist minister, the Rev. Cyril Downes, had a heart-to-heart talk with the Sheffield students who are putting on Oscar Wilde's 'Salome' on the Festival Fringe next week.

Result: When Salome, dark-haired, willowy, 20-year-old Jill Stevens, peels off the last of her seven veils she will be revealed in – a flared skirt and tunic blouse with sleeves. – *Daily Mail*. (C. M. Maclean.)

A government building which asked for more frequent cleaning of windows received a reply from the Ministry of Works saying: 'I am requested to inform you that additional cleaning of windows to the mezzanine and first floors cannot be considered unless there are exceptional circumstances other than the fact that they get dirty'. – *Liverpool Daily Post*. (M. A. Stewart.)

Radical Temper

To discuss, as people seem to be doing, the radical element in our political parties is like trying to decide which damp dishcloth gives off the most sparks. Sometimes when I turn on the television I don't know whether I am being sold another detergent or I am viewing another official party broadcast. The same smile, the same falsely warm tone, the same bogus *bonhomie*, the same salesmanship, geared to extract both shillings and votes. What would happen if, by some accident, the TV time were allotted to some MP about to leave politics in disgust, so that an angry plain-speaking man appeared on the screen? A disaster? I wonder. For though millions of dimwits might switch off, bewildered or resentful, a radical-minded minority might sit up and exclaim their happy amazement.

It is assumed in party headquarters that this minority is no longer important. Each of them has only one head, one vote, to be counted. I believe this view to be deceptive. One man who really believes something is worth ten who will believe anything. They cannot convince him, not having any genuine convictions themselves, whereas he can convince them. What did the mischief here, apparently confirming this wrong assumption, was Suez. If a government could survive Suez – and in no other age would such a piece of dangerous tomfoolery have been forgiven – it could get away with anything. This explains the bright, almost glittering, insolence of Mr Macmillan and his friends, the Tories riding high. *Anything goes here from now on, old boy. We're running a give-away quiz show.* But it also begins to explain all this sudden and unexpected talk about radicalism. The old radical temper is not yet an anachronism. The British radical still exists. Indeed, many of our protesting and derisive young writers are radicals without knowing it.

Was it Alain, the philosopher of provincial French radicalism, who declared that the radical always adopted the standpoint of the ruled and not the rulers? If we accept this, then we can see, for example, that Mr Aneurin Bevan, in his notorious speech at Brighton, showed nothing of the radical temper when he said we must retain the Bomb so that our Foreign Minister would not be sent naked to the conference table. To which the true radical reply would be that the Bomb, paid for by people who have never asked for it, keeps millions of innocents in jeopardy, and that against the background of this appalling fact it is of small account whether foreign ministers are sent naked or are shaved all over and painted with yellow and black stripes, to look like tigers. The radical view is that a few people have far too much power – as Suez plainly demonstrated – and that the Bomb is a terrifying example of what can happen when such people, forgetting decency, compassion and even common sense, begin to play the end game amongst themselves.

If Labour leaders had followed tradition and their instincts, instead of trying to be coldly clever about vote-catching, and had come out boldly and implacably against nuclear arms, they might have lost some floating votes but they would have captured what they badly needed – the radical opinion and temper of the country. But are these worth the loss of an election? It depends on what you think you are doing. If you are simply running an election-winning machine, content to wait your turn every few years, then you can afford to ignore radical opinion and temper, and go on manipulating the soggy mass of the electorate as best you can. But if your object is to bring the country back to life politically, to destroy or transform apathy instead of taking what advantage you can of it, to make democracy work, then these dreary tactics will not do. And, anyhow, the long cold corridors of economic theory could do with a little heat. And where, except among the new radicals, is this heat to be found? The derision, contempt, anger, of the young, for example, may spring from a wild confusion of thought, escaping political analysis, but some precious fire might be found there. And we could do with some of it, if only for an incinerator.

Because they make different noises in the House, Labour men see themselves as the opposite of the Tories. But outside the very narrow world of professional politics, this is not how a great many people, especially among the more intelligent young, see them. Though unable to include myself among the intelligent young, I must add that this is not how I see them. Mr Macmillan and Mr Gaitskell seem to me to have far more in common than I have with either of them. The latter would have my vote, but it would be only a small unenthusiastic kind of vote. That is because my outlook and sentiments are radical, and his are not. He and his friends are not woolly-minded, cranky and crackpotty, 'holier-than thou' (this sneer, almost a declaration of moral bankruptcy, came from Mr Woodrow Wyatt), and my friends and I are – as the Tories and their hacks told us long before Labour men swelled the chorus. But it is worth remembering that in the great Labour triumph of the 1945 election, the woolly-minded, the cranks and crackpots, the holier-than-thou, starry-eyed, unsound types, played a not insignificant part. And by the time

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Labour had detached itself from these dangerous elements, it had also detached itself from office.

There was in fact a lot of radicalism, later to be disappointed, behind the great left swing of 1945. It dropped out, after being cold-shouldered by the Establishment, which, like the City, flourished unchallenged. And now the new young radicals, arriving so late they don't even know they are radicals, are mostly outside politics altogether. They think that politics are not for them, like polo and yachting. So they talk and spread a vague general dissatisfaction, in which all public life begins to look like a cynical racket. But, I repeat, some fire is there somewhere, or at the worst a smouldering anger that might be blown into a clear flame. And if Labour, at this moment, stands in no need of a heightened temperature, then I know nothing.

What has happened in our anti-nuclear campaign proves my point. With everything rigged against us, we could find a hundred listeners where the politicians found ten, simply because the issue was alive. And though I believe it to be the supreme issue of our time, I don't believe it is the only one that could be brought to life. There is a radical Britain, profoundly and angrily anti-Tory, from which Labour has cut itself off, just because it accepts – or at least refuses to denounce outright – the whole structure of a society that is really Tory in design and quality, a cynical masquerade of power and big easy money. The same flaw in Labour policy that allowed it to accept the Bomb also allowed it to accept this essentially Tory social structure.

A radical Labour Party, refusing any compromise with the Establishment, or what I prefer to call the 'Topside' system, a system that has narrowed and hardened considerably since the Tories have been in office, would undoubtedly lose the next election. A cry would go up that the Crown, the Church, the City, the whole traditional fabric of British life, were all threatened. Mass communications, which have an inevitable bias in favour of whatever is established and actually has the power and money, could alarm and then stampede a large number of doubtful voters. The Tories would return, with wider grins and more impudence than ever, ready for even more foolish antics than we have seen these last few years. But losing an election is not the end of everything, and indeed it is this kind of thinking that is making our political life seem so unreal. For now a Tory government would have to face a real opposition, one with fire in its belly, capable – as it ought to have been after Suez – of rousing the country and driving a bad government out of office. The mere machinery of opposition would now acquire a soul.

Labour as it stands is, of course, right about many things – Africa, for example – that we all know the Tories have handled badly, and will always handle badly because they are condemned by their inner secret policies to behave unscrupulously or stupidly. But judged by the radical temper Labour is not right about enough things. It cannot make a sufficiently strong appeal to the dissatisfied and rebellious young, who see it operating without protest within a social framework for which they have a contempt and dislike. It seems to them a party filled with elderly men who, if they are not entirely complacent, are worried only because they are out of office, men who apparently accept without question all the huge shams that infuriate, now as always, the more intelligent young. Those like Osborne's Jimmy Porter may be confused and irritating, but somewhere behind their jeering and blathering is an intuitive feeling, which I for one not only recognise but share, that once the Welfare State began to function without any further disturbance of the social structure and its values, once the deeply radical impulse was checked, the public spirit of the country began to be subtly corrupted, a society that had been widening for generations began to narrow and harden, and an era of impudent pretension and lying arrived, a rat race with all the runners belonging to orders of chivalry.

Of this widespread feeling, together with the contempt, indignation, disgust, that accompany it, Labour seems to take no note. Yet if it is forbidden any political expression, cannot find any programme and party, it may end by destroying politics, so far as politics mean a public-spirited and vigilant democracy. I write, it is true, as an amateur, but are not our politicians now so professional that they seem to live in another world? They may be right and I may be wrong, but in the world I know what is needed now is an absolute anti-Tory party, and this can only be Labour plus the new radical temper and opinion.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Price of Innocence

THE Brooklyn magistrate looked small and squat against the voluminous folds of the American flag which hung behind him at the back of the court. The room was impressive, with a lofty roof and Gothic windows which filled the air with warm sunlight. The rows and rows of wooden benches smelt of furniture polish. It was ten o'clock on a Friday morning when I took my place among the ill-assorted collection of predominantly youthful offenders. The magistrate, assisted by two police officers and a large untidy man wearing an open-necked jungle print shirt and dirty trousers, had already begun work on the day's business.

Two women were standing in front of the magistrate. Both were middle-aged, one shortish, plump and dressed in blue; the other small, thin and hard looking, dressed in white. I leaned forward to hear the case. From what I could make out, the lady in the blue dress had agreed to work for the white-frocked lady – a doctor's wife – in order to pay off some medical bills. The doctor's wife claimed the work had not been done, while the other lady, producing bills from her large handbag, kept saying that she had 'fulfilled her obligations'. An argument developed between the two until the untidily dressed man – who I noticed was wearing a police badge pinned to his shirt – told them both to shut up and to speak only to the magistrate.

A man in a dark blue suit with a clerical collar and carrying a straw hat appeared and addressed himself to the magistrate. It was impossible to hear the conversation, but when it ended the magistrate began questioning the lady in blue. Unable to answer the questions she began to sob and said that her husband was a diabetic and she found life very difficult. Her contestant in the case, with the priest standing by her side, fixed her eyes beadily on the American flag. The case ended abruptly. 'Well, if you are going to sue, go upstairs', said the magistrate. The blue lady walked slowly to the rear of the court by the central aisle while the white lady, accompanied by the priest, moved self-consciously down a side aisle to the exit.

The jungle-shirted police officer began calling names and soon there was a long line of young men, interspersed with an occasional elderly man or woman, waiting near the magistrate's bench. Then John Stowski was called. A young man, wearing Levi jeans and a sports shirt, stepped forward to face the magistrate. The police officer looked at his papers and then said: 'Charged with putting garbage in a litter can'; and then to the youth: 'You plead guilty?' It was neither a question or a statement of fact, but the boy answered 'Guilty'.

'Fined two dollars', said the magistrate, and Stowski passed on to the police officer at the end of the bench waiting to collect the money.

The offences were all similar. Jay-walking, smoking on the subway, throwing litter away or undressing on the beach, and the fine appeared to be standardised – two dollars. The pattern of events was uninterrupted until Doreen Svenson was called. She was a fat, greasy-looking, middle-aged woman charged with undressing on the beach. 'You plead guilty?'

'No, I'm not guilty', said the woman. 'I had my costume on underneath my clothes'.

The magistrate regarded her for a moment and then said 'Fined ten dollars'.

The woman began to protest but was pushed away towards the fine-collecting officer. The next offender was a tousled-haired-looking Italian, Enrico Sempre, charged with selling ice-cream without a licence. Earlier, another man had been fined five dollars for the same offence, but when Enrico began to argue the magistrate shouted: 'Fined 15 dollars' and dismissed him with a gesture.

I considered my position. English, only two weeks in America and summoned for changing into a bathing costume in a public lavatory on a Coney Island beach. I had explained to the officer who had served the summons that I had been directed to the place by a man on the broadwalk and had no idea I was committing an offence. His only reply to my protestations of innocence had been: 'Where you from?'

'London', I replied.

'Yeah, don't gimme that line'.

I was annoyed by his aggressive manner and handed him my London visiting card which failed to impress him. He, in turn, handed me a small slip of paper. 'What do I do now?' I asked.

'Appear at Bay Ridge Magistrates Court next Friday.'

'But I'm innocent', I ventured.

'Tell that to the magistrate, buddy.'

My name was called and I walked forward to face the magistrate. The officer read out the offence: 'Charged with changing into a bathing costume in a Coney Island comfort station'; and then to me: 'Pleading guilty?' The magistrate was eyeing me sternly.

'Guilty', I said, suppressing the tremendous feeling of indignation swelling inside me.

The magistrate continued to stare at me. Compared to the other people in court I looked unusually smart in my dark blue suit, white collar and tie. 'Fined one dollar', he said and motioned me to the cashier. I handed over my dollar bill.

The officer, addressing no one in particular, said: 'Hey, we seem to be short of dollars'. The magistrate appeared to ignore the remark but when the next case was called – a young man charged with jay-walking – the fine was one dollar. The next six cases provided dollar bills to replenish the cashier's till and then the magistrate reverted to his two-dollar tariff unless there was an argumentative offender, when the fine rocketed to ten or 15 dollars.

JAMES KELSEY

The Arts and Entertainment

Epstein

As a man, Jacob Epstein had all the tetchiness and occasional explosiveness that goes with a basically gentle and direct nature harnessed to a strong, large-framed body and a continual flow of physical energy. He had a total and heroic inability to compromise. He was religious, loved life and was moved almost to tears by great music. He had the faith and courage to make big gestures, to think and work on a big scale at a time when events and mental climate conspired together to reduce the province of the artist and to diminish our capacity either to receive or recognise greatness. Epstein was a great human being, and we treated him badly.

What he did with the sculptural tradition, or didn't do, is vastly irrelevant to the examples he gave us as a human being: a formidable output of hard work, a healthy contempt for the art game as it is sometimes played by young careerists, and the shining contrast between his own passionate work, erratic as it is, and other sculptures by other artists which seem to have been made for exhibitions or for momentary effect. The scapegoat for an ignorant public's nervousness of modernity, Epstein took all the kicks and won the battle for our younger sculptors. He worked right up to the end of his life, and there's plenty of his work for us to see and think about.

> It is naturally difficult to assess one's place in the period one lives in – perhaps it is impossible. It is a process similar to painting one's own portrait, or rather to working on a portrait in the round, a really difficult undertaking. The artist usually dramatises himself, and that is why few self-portraits bear the imprint of truth. My outstanding merit in my own eyes is that I believe myself to be a return in sculpture to the human outlook, without in any way sinking back into the flabby sentimentalising, or the merely decorative, that went before. From the cubists onwards, sculpture has tended to become more and more abstract . . . but it adds nothing to the essential meanings of sculpture, which remain fundamental. The spirit is neglected for detail, for ways and means.

This is Epstein talking about himself and his work in the autobiography *Let There be Sculpture*, published in 1940, and making it clear that he is a traditionalist with an insistent gaze on the human problem. A traditionalist in the mid-twentieth century tends to be confused with an academic practitioner; but tradition is a living, growing, developing process whilst academicism is a sterile refuge from tradition, from life and from everything else. Epstein was never an academic artist but almost belligerently maintained his grasp of a Western European humanist tradition, with frequent forays into exoticism of one kind or another. The question is: did Epstein nourish and expand this tradition, which meant so much to him, or did he manipulate existing strands in a mannerist sense?

The tradition itself reached its peak in the Renaissance, declined during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries into sentimentality and effigy-making and was given a new lease of life by Rodin in the nineteenth century. So passionately did Rodin revitalise the tradition that he blew all its fuses. Epstein returned to his own conception of the main humanist tradition that Rodin had so violently consummated. *Return* is the operative word, I think, and the answer to our question about Epstein's contribution to the tradition is partly yes, but mostly no, for he went further back, to Donatello.

The modelling that resulted was bizarre, for such a retreat from the twentieth century was as extreme as the one made by the Pre-Raphaelites from the nineteenth century; and these large bronzes of Epstein's which cover four decades are inevitably self-conscious on occasion, archaistic, and inclined to a certain rhetoricism. What gives them all their edge and bite and highly personal flavour is their Hebraic character, both in subject matter and type of model and in their melancholic elongations. Each one has either an avenging or a grief-stricken appearance: there is little that is half-way, or merely contemplative. They are as full of Hebraic feeling as the piano quintet or the *Schelomo* of Ernest Bloch.

They are disturbing, these works – I think of 'Lucifer' or the 1927 'Madonna and Child' – because they are full of intimations of greatness; they remind us instantaneously of the great art of the past, and we realise also that most other modern artists have evaded the human problem entirely, as least in such explicit and forthright terms, and practically no sculptor in the twentieth century has had the courage and guts to stare his fellow men in the face and see what is there. But then we realise, looking again, that Epstein hasn't quite either; and this is a great blow, for everything that he conceived was big and heroic, full of feeling and energy, modelled or carved right up to the hilt.

His work is free – always – from the dull taint of academicism. His powers of communication were too urgent and fluent; his touch so lively and nervous, and his mistrust of the strictly formal side of sculpture so acute that he was incapable of exploiting any set of formal devices – because he never discovered any. He didn't want to. There are repetitions in *manner*: the splay of a wrist, the attenuation of an arm, the modelling of a cheekbone; but even these so easily recognisable

traits spring from content rather than manner itself and constitute an essential part of his personal style. And several of his larger works are, in fact, free of self-consciousness, cannot truthfully be called archaistic and totally avoid rhetoric. 'The Visitation,' for instance, in the Tate: this belongs entirely to the twentieth century and formally and emotionally *does* extend Epstein's chosen tradition.

But his unique gift to our time resides in his portrait bronzes, and here the man's greatness really flowed: untrammelled by any considerations of tradition or form, Epstein projected into space the most astonishingly urgent, dramatic and psychologically *right* plastic equivalents to human indentity that we have yet seen. He is unlikely to be surpassed. These portraits are modelled with such an intensity of spiritual insight that the clay fairly sings with life. They are also more than portraits, for portraiture in sculpture and painting had descended to taxidermy or coloured photography until Epstein began his great work. They are, in fact, records of the mental and spiritual mainsprings of action, thought and behaviour of some of the most extraordinary men and women of our time. When we look at Epstein's conception of Vaughan Williams or Conrad or Einstein we are conscious of an almost alarmingly real physical presence but even more of their spiritual identity. Epstein makes us conscious of their *past*, of all the time and living that has moulded their faces, and above all of the spirit by which they have survived and continue to talk and act and write or compose music. In these bronzes the form always finds itself; there is no suggestion of anything being willed or slanted or coerced into existence. If immediacy is our criterion, then Epstein's portrait bronzes are more modern than anything made by any other artist in these islands in the twentieth century.

BRYAN ROBERTSON

Edinburgh Exhibitions

As I had first hoped to write on Courbet and then on Daumier, the final exhibition offering made by the Edinburgh Festival Society, Masterpieces of Czechoslovakian Art, was bound to come as a disappointment. There are, of course, some remarkable things to see, such as the fourteenth-century panel of Saint Elizabeth by Master Theodorik; also two moving and noble wooden statues, flamboyantly baroque, of St Anne and an Old Testament prophet, carved by Pacák in the early eighteenth century. But isolated works of interest among, one feels, a not very painstakingly chosen whole cannot give a fair picture of what a country has achieved.

In the nineteenth-century section there is a boiled lobster painted by Josef Navrátil that Delacroix could have been proud of, and the same artist's 'Lady with a Veil' might have been one of Landseer's most charming sketches. 'Scavengers', a strong scene of workmen and a horse-pulled cart by Viktor Barvitius, a pupil of *Couture* and showing an affinity with Millet and even Daumier, makes one want to see more of his work; as does a small historical sketch by Mikolás Ales. As to the modern section, it simply does not hold its own beside the summer exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy in the next room.

Here, as every year, one has a strong impression that certain individual painters who show regularly would shine out if seen in any corresponding exhibition in London. Robin Philipson and John Maxwell, Anne Redpath and William Gillies, Joan Eardley and William MacTaggart, are among the most honest craftsmen now working in the United Kingdom, and it is London's loss that they do not exhibit there more often.

As well as showing works at the Academy, MacTaggart has a personal exhibition at Aitken and Dotts gallery and Joan Eardley at the 1957 Gallery in George Street. The impact of Joan Eardley's new pictures is quite overwhelming. Her chief subject during the past year has been the sea, and the winter storms that make her waves crush down unmercifully on any other artist's work that may be near. No one since Turner has been able to combine technical mastery with such subject matter to this remarkable degree. You find the fashionable tachiste dribbles and splash, but employed where they belong, amid the froth and spray and under a stinging rain. In two of her Winter Scenes (II and III) the action of the angry water is carried out in the action of her strokes. She does not fall into the mistake already prophesied in 1907 by Berens on that one day the action of painting would have more importance than the painting itself. Here the two are joined inseparably by the subject. Only occasionally has Miss Eardley allowed her technical skill to get the better of her subject and then the action and impact of the sea have been accordingly diminished. Likewise when she puts down – often at the last moment she confesses – a stroke of pure, strong colour in order to emphasise the picture, it is often without relation to the faultless tonal value of the rest and thereby weakens rather than strengthens the final result. In her portraits of her Glasgow neighbours, she succeeds where she paints them in their natural surroundings and colours. Rouault and even Rembrandt have looked at poverty with the same eye. When, however, she superimposes false colours, chosen at random, on background or even clothing, the infuriating and completely inappropriate comment of 'rather fun', made by a visitor, becomes almost understandable.

William MacTaggart is liable to make this same mistake, and it is only where his red 'exclamations' mean something, as in the setting sun over his red field, that this superimposition of clear colour really comes off. This invention of southern colours in a northern landscape is a criticism that can fairly be made of Scottish painting; and it is notable that only Alberto Morrocco, who must have southern blood, who succeeds in using it naturally and harmoniously. In Joan Eardley, however, there is nothing southern; and as a painter who has spent over a year on similar subjects, I can only say that her understanding of northern seas left me sadly dissatisfied with my own attempts.

DEREK HILL

Simenon

Maigret is my favourite detective – well of course, what other human being has ever entered the fairyland of detection? It isn't so much that one likes Maigret, as that he has to deal with the real world, and that – does this appeal to the English? – he smokes a pipe and muddles through. He starts in a fog, goes on till the fog thins. Like ourselves, with a job to do, he gets involved. People are people; and crime is, to a large or a smaller extent, part of their nature. Then, of course, he is the go-between of a creator who has genius; faces, smells, rain, the family at dinner, a seaport come to life in every sentence as one reads; a Simenon novel is a tape-machine with the news pouring out word by word. He gets us by being so immensely readable and unshakeable in his quest for evil in its true, unmelodramatic guises. For the moment we may be content to accept his story-teller's gift postponing the day when we must look back and tot-up.

His eye is very near that of the cinema. Among Simenon films, *Les Fiancailles de M. Hire*, *Les Inconnus dans la Maison*, and *Monsieur La Souris* perhaps come off best. The latest, Jean Delannoy's *Maigret Sets a Trap* (Curzon) chooses a fair-to-good Simenon about a Parisian Jack the Ripper and manages to add to it. This is surprising, since it's years since Delannoy made his last good film. His scenarist is Michel Audiard. Go to the Curzon if you have a taste for romantic-sinister background, sex-crime with a reason, policemen under the uniform, a neighbourhood in the scare headlines, and the kind of childhood that may produce the mass-murderer.

The setting for this new Jack L'Eventreur is in Montmartre, and splendidly do the allays off the floodlit boulevards, the dark doorways, the cobbles and lamps, the barred butcher's shops, the colonnaded emptiness outside a café, and the singsong of an ambulance jangle the nerves. This master-killer strikes from behind; we see the gloved hands clench with excitement or anguish; a butcher, with his array of knives on a table is suspect; Maigret plods on, prowls through the neighbourhood in a car, tempts the unknown's pride with a fake arrest, and has an added murder on his conscience before he cleans up. This, as I have said, enlarges on Simenon; adds blackness to the background, features Gabin as Maigret with a shambling charm and a cross-examination finely tensed, and if the final curtain seems overtheatrical at least it's in character and deftly done. In a faultless cast, Jean Desailly deserves special mention. *Maigret Sets a Trap* sets a standard for crime films and appeals to both conscience and nerves.

Blind Date (Odeon) rises a little out of its whodunit class, with a strange anecdote of an ambassador's wife (Jacqueline Presle) carrying on with a young Dutch painter (Hardy Kruger), a detective inspector risen from the ranks (Stanley Baker); its merits – astonishing in a British film – are that both suspect and policeman are credible; it has a larky Chelsea lead-in, and then in a fabulous mews flat screws up the tension before letting us down on the solution.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

A Face of Power

Yet another memorable face and personality, new to most viewers, were transmitted through the BBC's last *Press Conference*. Switching on just after this session had begun, and so missing the opening announcement, I found the face a difficult one to put a name to: the features were lean and ascetic, the eyes sad and visionary but with an occasional gimlet gleam, the smile that hovered about the mouth was almost saintly; the general effect was one of slightly ruthless dedication, of a missionary certainly unclouded by doubt, combined with immense charm. If it had not been for the lay clothes, one might have guessed this man to be a monk. (There was, indeed, some resemblance to another face that seems to burn its way through a TV set at you, that of Fr Hugh Bishop.) Or he might have been a neo-Tractarian headmaster with Spartan ideas about cold baths, or, just possibly, a retired Olympic runner.

The interrogation soon cleared up the mystery. My dedicated ascetic was Sir Christopher Hinton, Chairman of the Central Electricity Gen-

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erating Board, the man mainly responsible for scattering nuclear power stations along such stretches of our coast as had remained unspoiled; the very pattern and archetype of managerial Britain's high-principled Big Brother.

One of his inquisitors made the obvious point that these power stations are always sited in remote places (adding, I thought over-charitably, 'and there must be some jolly good reason for that'). Sir Christopher recited, plausibly enough, the customary official double-talk: nuclear power stations are both safe and unsafe, safe 'so far as human skill can make anything entirely safe', but, just in case they aren't . . . and he elaborated a euphemistic evasion of the policy that it's better to kill a thousand country people than ten thousand townspeople. I don't recall that any of his questioners asked what right he had to kill even a thousand people; but they did press him, aptly, about the Windscale incident. He explained that this had done no harm, and might even have been a good thing. 'You mean it showed you how little you knew?' said one. Another referred to the £7 millions-worth of furnaces that would have to be written off. Sir Christopher, master (as he should be) of all the facts, brushed this aside as hardly worth worrying about; the life of these furnaces had only been ten years and they had already lasted for more than seven.

He agreed (with a casual 'something like that') to a statement, formerly denied by his Authority, that the gist of the siting policy is that power stations should be not less than ten miles from any place with more than 10,000 inhabitants. It would have been instructive if a map could have been shown at this point: Colchester (pop. 60,000) is hardly ten miles from Bradwell. He also opined that 'the arbitration system' was extremely fair' – a *petitio principii* too swift even for these alert interrogators, who failed to point out that there isn't an arbitration system at all, if 'arbitration' implies, as it must, an impartial judge, dependent on neither of the contending interests. But the most important part of the interview was its disclosures of the cutting-down of the power station programme and of the decline of this industry in the export market.

The visual impact of Sir Christopher's face was, as I have indicated, so striking that I was glad that – perhaps unusually – some analysis of his character was explicitly attempted. He was said to be a difficult man to work with: he smiled sweetly and disarmingly and said: 'Can you imagine anybody not getting on well with me?' He was said to be 'domineering, tough, overriding all opposition': his manner and mien were so velvet-gentle that one could but wonder that anybody could basely use such rough words of him. Finally, he was asked: 'Is it true that you once said, "What the atomic energy industry needs is six Hintons"?' We waited, breathlessly, for the monster who imputed to him such arrogance to be struck down. Instead, he simply smiled that tender smile again and said – with apparently, genuine humility: 'It wouldn't have been a bad thing for them, would it?'

Press Conference remains, in short, a distinguished and sometimes startling programme, an oasis in the August desert. Innocent viewers who may fancy from its name that *Overseas Press Club* is its ITV equivalent will be disappointed: this is an American series in which 'human' news-stories are dramatised – harmless enough, in theory, but it was fairly horrifying, in a recent edition, to see the work and personality of Padre Borelli of Naples vulgarised and sentimentalised, with the American actor who impersonated him talking pidgin-Brooklyn, you-like-a-da English.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

LABOUR IN THE UNIVERSITIES

SIR,—Mr Lipton's inside knowledge of left student politics is quite strange. To speak blithely of Nalso as a 'fairly rich body' is not to establish much confidence in the rest of one's statements, even if they are somewhat less easy to falsify beyond doubt. But it is important to correct him in one matter.

The first reason he gives for the smallness of provincial university Socialist societies and Labour Clubs is that they tend to adopt 'narrowly sectarian attitudes' which boil down to adhesion to the Student Labour Federation or 'exclusionist Trotskyism'. What SLF, which is almost a dead duck, has got to do with left politics in universities it is difficult to see. It is far more important to the CP as window dressing for festival committees and similar jamborees than it is as representative of any real trend in universities. The Communist Party is so thinly spread in British universities that when it called a conference on higher education last year it attracted only 17 students 'not one of whom spoke in the discussion'. (See Report to the Annual Conference of Communist Students, Nov. 1958, p. 7.) If the CP ever does pick up a following among students, it will only be because of the failure of the Left to develop an alternative to the nauseating conformism of official Labour politics.

More serious by far are the various currents of Trotskyist and Marxist opinion which are to be found widely canvassed in the provincial universities. But far from these attenuating the Labour clubs into narrow doctrinal wrangling circles, as Mr Lipton suggests, they invariably have the opposite effect. The most vital of all the Labour and Socialist societies are those which have 'revisionists', or Marxists of a non-Stalinist persuasion, active within them. A glance at the Nalso agenda will show which these are: and it will be easily seen that they provide for the bulk of the activities which are carried out between universities, as well as being usually the largest and most active clubs within their own unions. (That is to say, the largest political clubs, of course. Jazz and drama clubs will often be much bigger than any political club. Yet active Socialist societies can even threaten the established monopolies of 'non-political' societies. Thus, the Nottingham Socialists have for some time run a film-programme which has provided lively competition to the film society, and Oxford has invaded the territory of dramatic societies with some success.)

Most of these clubs will not seriously complain about the lack of top-line speakers. Who are they, anyway? Mr Bevan, who won't go to provincial universities, could presumably, as a performer, attract a crowd anywhere. Yet could he be expected to inspire the Aldermaston generation to join him? I would bet that, given a week or two, I, or any reasonable supporter of nuclear disarmament, could double his score of recruits anywhere, on the basis of appealing for flat opposition to his policies. The worst job we have is not that of explaining his absence from universities: we all know he is busy: it is the job of explaining how he could have become what he now seems to be. And what can one say of the rest? There are some personalities who can fill a room: they are few. There isn't a policy that would fill a cupboard, though, and that is the real lack. By far the best meetings we have had at Nottingham have been for men of the back benches who have shown integrity as their main trait, and for people outside parliament altogether. Fenner Brockway can always draw a good meeting, because people identify him with a principle; Benn Levy's stand for civil liberties impressed many people who are by no means impressed by the Glossy; Peter Fryer filled a large hall with a description of events in Hungary: and we got more people to listen to Hugh Macdiarmid talking about his poetry than we did to hear any of the prominent politicians who honoured us. Young people aren't necessarily radical in the scale on which radicalism is usually measured: but they are sick of Butskell and tend to see politics as an exercise in smooth hypocrisy. So if the topliners want the party to grow, they should mend their ways, or retire, or continue to boycott us until we have found enough rebels to turn the poor old thing upside down.

As for an organiser, he's a waste of money, unless his job is to rally the malcontents who wish that there was a Socialist party in Britain to come in and root for change. It is only the possibility of altering the Labour Party that makes it tolerable.

KEN COATES

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NUCLEAR POLICIES

SIR,—It is high time the Labour Party set its mind to the formulation of a Socialist foreign policy for the nuclear age. I suggest that the first essential step is to establish a direct link between the Non-nuclear Club and the war on want.

The future Labour government is already pledged to devote one per cent. of the national income to fighting poverty, disease and ignorance in the underdeveloped countries. By forming the Non-nuclear Club and thus renouncing our nuclear weapons, we could at least double that contribution, urging the non-nuclear countries to join us in this great humanitarian endeavour and to make further contributions in proportion to their resources.

I shall be told that some governments would refuse. Possibly so; but they would not have the last word. I am convinced that there would be an overwhelming response by millions of ordinary folk throughout the world – in east and west, on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

Such a crusade, galvanising disarmament with the inspiration of a social purpose based upon our common humanity, would surely go far towards breaking the Cold War deadlock. It would give us, at long last, the beginnings of a truly Socialist foreign policy – a positive policy of peace and, at the same time, a practical application of Socialist principles to the world-wide problem of the Haves and the Have-nots.

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THE PLANNERS IN ABERDARE

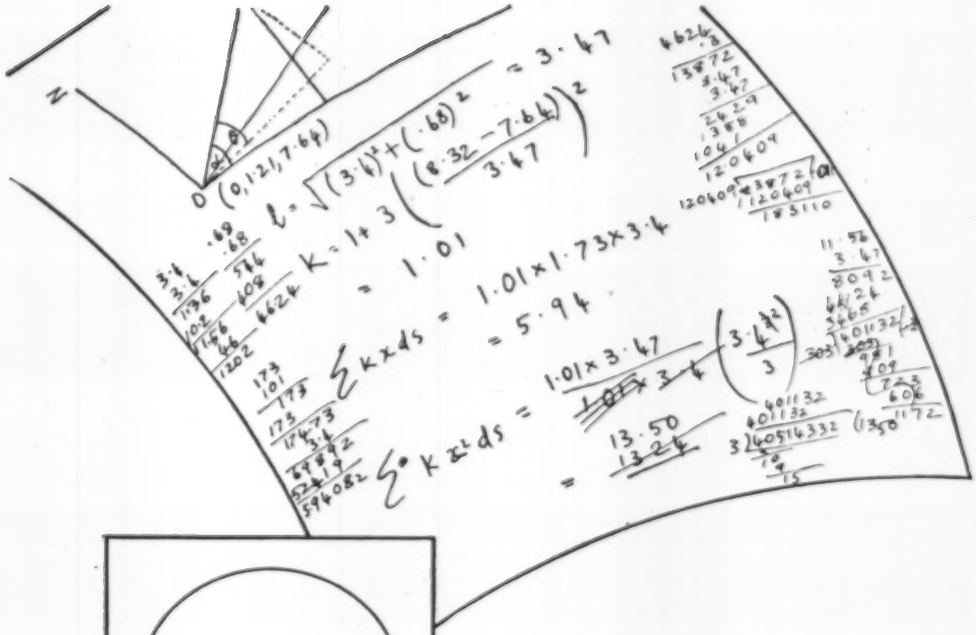
SIR,—I have only just returned from holiday, and hope it is not too late to comment on Mr Ralph Samuel's extraordinary article, into which he seems to have crammed almost every commonly used Tory sneer against land use planning.

I am not concerned to defend the Aberdare plan in either its technical or administrative aspects – both, for all I know, may be seriously defective. But the improvement of physical environment is basic to Socialism; town planning is an important technique in this process, and successful town planning, in the context of a 19th-century industrial town, involves the regrouping of land uses, increased allocation of land for playing fields, schools and dwellings, and the redesign of the road system so that the motor vehicle can become a blessing instead of a curse.

Every Socialist, nearly every intelligent man, admits these as facts until carrying them out seems likely to involve him in inconvenience or financial loss. It is perhaps only human nature that the owner-occupier miners of Aberdare should resent the prospect of disturbance; but any town, if it is to become anything like an efficient organism, must face the necessity of regrouping uses and buildings instead of just renewing them.

The lamp-post commandos have done a lot of good in arousing public opinion against ugliness, but a good deal more harm by their arrogant and ignorant attacks on tentative but well-founded planning principles and standards, such as residential density and the segregation of incompatible uses.

They have certainly infected Mr Samuel thoroughly. It would take far too much space to lay bare and correct all the absurd misconceptions revealed in his article, but to select two, almost at



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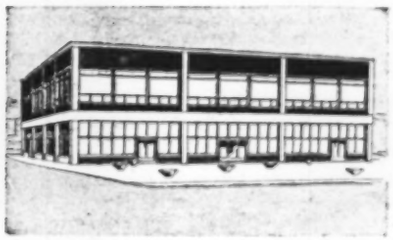

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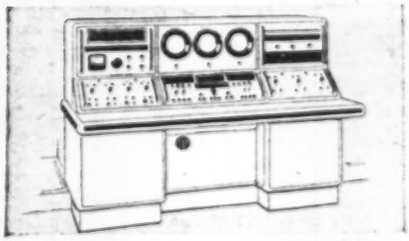

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random, what on earth have the functions of front gardens and verges in common with a large and heavily wooded park? And what sort of a planning objective is it to have children playing in the streets?

L. B. KEEBLE

95 Corringham Road
NW11

SIR,—The 3,411 houses remain technically 'on the plan' because the Aberdare UDC is powerless to remove them pending the result of the inquiry. At the inquiry they themselves requested deletion of all comprehensive areas; there is nothing more they could legally have done.

ELAINE MORGAN

Abernant
Aberdare

SUPPRESSION IN PAKISTAN

SIR,—The attack by the present military government on the democratic and progressive opinion in the country evidently continues in full force.

Four students have been arrested for 'security reasons', according to reports in the *Times of Karachi* of 3 August. Two are from the Karachi University and the other two from the Urdu College and the Sind Muslim College, Karachi. All of them were members of the banned 'National Students' Federation'. According to APP reports of 18 July, the Punjab University Students' Union and the Karachi University Students' Union have supported the idea of reviving the national students' organisation and have been opposed to participation in the government-sponsored students' convention which is scheduled.

The *Sunday Post* of 19 July has reported that the Karachi University and other colleges of Karachi intend to investigate the conduct and activities of all students. 'Disruptive elements' will be weeded out before the new session commences in the autumn and will be refused re-admission or placed under special surveillance.

The 'Students' Welfare Association' in West Pakistan was officially declared on 19 July 'an unlawful association'. This action was taken after the Governor had 'satisfied himself that this Association had for its objectives interference with the administration of the law and with the maintenance of order and constituted a danger to public peace'.

ANOTHER PAKISTANI

HOMOSEXUALS AND THE LAW

SIR,—A few years ago I wrote and had published a novel dealing with homosexuality. It was well received critically and it sold well. I received letters from readers from all over the British Isles (and indeed abroad). These could be divided into two classes: the strongly sympathetic and the equally strongly antipathetic (a Mancunian vicar wrote: 'I have read your autobiography [sic] and now pray daily for you to be rescued from your grim and disgusting life). I think this roughly reflects the division of opinion in the country as a whole. A few people did tell me that *The Plaster Fabric* had led them to be more tolerant on the subject, but only a few.

It would seem then that the obvious good sense of Critic's remarks last week count for little. Those who want the change of law have arrived at this viewpoint by simple, logical deductions. Homosexual conduct in private between consenting adults can do no harm to society in any way; and its legislation may even in the long run protect the young. Those, on the other hand, who oppose the change of law are motivated solely by prejudice. No amount of common sense or appeals to ordinary humanity will move the latter.

The Conservative Party seems to be afraid of the prejudiced, perhaps because many of them are the outwardly masculine type of extrovert business men who subconsciously fear their own small streaks of repressed homosexuality. Is it too much to hope that the Labour Party will prefer logic to totem and introduce the necessary legislation soon after their return to power? There is little political prestige to be gained, it is true, but surely Socialism is based on a wider faith and understanding?

MARTYN GOFF

109 High Street
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SIR,—It was no surprise to find in the same issue which announced your acceptance of the Street Offences Act as a worth-while experiment, another bitter protest against the government's failure to come to the aid of the homosexuals. Over the past two years one has grown accustomed to this orientation in a large section of the press.

When the Wolfenden Report was published some people were inclined to say that it was designed to make homosexual practices easier and normal sexual intercourse more difficult. That was not a valid criticism because it ignored the distinction between public and private immorality. It was not a valid criticism so long as one could believe that parliament and the press would be content with the limited offensive against prostitution recommended by the Report. One can hold that belief no longer. There is evident in the press a determination that homosexual practices shall attain not only legality but respectability, and an equal determination that prostitution, however concealed, shall continue to bear the odium of 'vice'. You say that the Act is experimental. Do you suppose for one moment that it might be repealed or relaxed? Do you doubt that it will be reinforced?

Some of us who were broadly sympathetic to the Wolfenden recommendations regarding homosexuals are finding our sympathy diminished by the attitude of the press: the persistent tears for the queers; the apparent indifference to the consequences of carrying the war against prostitution to the limit at a time when we are visited with a growing surplus of adolescent males and a growing volume of masturbatory literature.

R. L. ARCHDALE

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PENSIONS AND EARNINGS

SIR,—The rules governing the payment of retirement pensions under National Insurance have been often criticised. It is time they were censured—especially the earnings rule. New regulations for contracting out should not deflect public attention from the inequity of this rule.

A man may earn up to £3 a week without deduction of pension and up to £4 with a deduction of only 10s. Thereafter, all is taken away up to the full amount of the pension.

A part-time worker of 65, well known to me, recently had his wages increased from £4 to £4 4s. a week. Additionally he received one Friday—in common with his fellow workers—a cash payment based on his earnings. As a result, his gross pay that week was £8, which, after deduction of tax, left him with £6 18s. The effect of this well-deserved windfall was to expunge the whole of his pension of 50s. for the current week and to reduce the amount for the following week by 18s. The 4s. rise was, of course, permanently raked off.

The generous employer's money, meant for the man, was taken by the Ministry.

Now, where is the sense or justice in such a measure? The Ministry answers this question—presumably with a wide and toothy grin. 'If you stay at work', the pamphlet says, 'you will help to maintain our prosperity as a nation'. Indeed you will—and your industry will be rewarded by the loss of your pension.

Is there any reason why this man's income, including his pension, should not be merely subject to tax like that of any other class of men? Is there any good reason why a system of confiscation should apply to those who work and not to those who don't? Other sources of income make no impact on the state pension. A salaried man may retire on £800 a year (or £1,800) augmented by dividends, and still draw his state pension in full. Only the man who gets his money by the most admirable means—by working for it—is penalised.

The injustice of the position is so glaring that the earnings rule ought to shrivel up under the heat.

L. J. FILEWOOD

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JOBS IN AUSTRALIA

SIR,—A recent article in your journal warns British people that the economic climate of Australia has changed and that jobs are hard to find; but the Minister for Immigration, the Associated Chambers of Manufacturers and federal departments have formed an alliance to contradict the charges. The records of the Commonwealth Bank also make it plain that neither the investors of London nor the financiers of New York share these misgivings. There is probably no parallel in Australia's history for the manner in which it has recovered from a price collapse and a minor drought since the start of 1959.

The rate at which new jobs are becoming available is lagging behind the rate at which the available work force can be expected to grow. In the last decade the number of new civilian jobs created in Australia was about 470,000. In the last year only 40,000 new jobs were created, 22,000 with governments or their instrumentalities and only 18,000 with private employers. New workers are expected to reach 100,000 a year by the middle of the coming decade, and unless they can be absorbed by a step-up in private employment, their only hope of work will be a very rapid expansion of the public services and public instrumentality employment.

The Migration Planning Council is to study, in a few weeks time, the extent to which migration is being restricted by the domestic housing shortage and whether special measures are necessary to break this bottleneck.

The Commonwealth Statistician announced this week that Australia's hire-purchase debt has soared to the record level of about £346 million, or nearly £34 per head of population, whilst Tasmania's commitments amount to an average of only about £30 16s. per head of population. Hire-purchase debt in NSW has increased by 30 per cent. in the last 12 months, in Victoria it has increased by 21 per cent., in Queensland by 18 per cent., in South Australia by 13 per cent., and Western Australia by 11 per cent., whilst in Tasmania it has remained almost stationary. Tasmanians may well conclude from this that they are the most prosperous of the people in Australia.

A. J. WHITE

Agent General for Tasmania
457 Strand, WC2

GRAVES ON FAIRIES

SIR,—Although *pesky* begins as an English dialect word (Scotland, Yorks, Oxfordshire, Bucks) it appears in the *Oxford English Dictionary* only as 'US colloquial'. *Pixy* is, of course, known all over England and Scotland, variously spelt *picksey, picsie, pyxie, pix, pigsey, pysgie* and *piskay*.

That 'Mab' is in part derived from 'Medb', Queen of Connaught has been suggested by scholars whom Charles Squire quoted in his *Celtic Myth and Legend*. He writes: 'The heroes of Ulster have no part in Fairyland, but their enemy Medb is credited with queenly rule among the Sidhe.' This rule was, it seems, achieved by violence: conquering queens their titles take from the fays they captive make. She had captured and sacked the fairy palace at Croghan.

Though no Welshman (as Freda White flatters me by suggesting), I am glad to hear that every Scottish schoolboy knows about St Columba and the Loch Ness monster; but why call him a Scottish saint? He was born at Gartan, County Donegal, in December 521.

ROBERT GRAVES

Canellun, Deya
Mallorca
Spain

BOOKS IN GENERAL

The New Romanticism

THE modern Battle of the Books started in 1913 when T. E. Hulme wrote his essay on 'Classicism and Romanticism'. It ended with the Crash, which came for literature at much the same time that it came for the stockmarket: in 1930, when Eliot pronounced himself 'Anglo-Catholic, Royalist and Classicist'. Between these dates one of the great creative efforts in literature was made. And it was made in the name of classicism: of precision, restraint and intelligence. The Romantics were the common enemy. No matter how divided the modern writers were on most things, on that they were united.

The tide is now flowing strongly in the opposite direction. Already in the Thirties tiny poetic talents were modelling themselves on Shelley or Blake. In the Forties arrived the Apocalyptics and the Dylan Thomists. In our own decade the public fancy has been caught again and again by one brand of Romanticism or another: by Beckett's and Ionesco's investigations of, respectively, the agonies and fantasies of isolation: by Anouilh's and Tennessee Williams's continual harping on youth, corruption and the ravages of sex; by Jimmy Porter who is like nothing so much as another young Werther, though with more aggression and a taste for party politics; there was even a minute classics *v.* romantics battle when the Movement fought the Mavericks; and then there was that extraordinary compendium of Romantic attitudes, *The Outsider*. And so on, until scholars like Frank Kermode have set about showing how the critical theories behind the great 'classical' modern poetry descend, with no bar sinister, straight from those of the late Romantics. Apparently we are back pretty well where we started fifty years ago. For all the witty grouping of pictures, the huge Romantic Exhibition is clearly not intended to be a period curiosity, as was, a few years ago, the Diaghilev show. And if, by what one can see at the Tate, the great Romantic painter is Turner, he also appears to be the most potent influence on contemporary British painting: one or two of his canvases would have been perfectly at home in Jack Smith's recent exhibition.

The new classicism misfired partly because it was, in every sense, reactionary. In literature this meant little more than a rigorous, often limiting, use of tradition as a final standard. But elsewhere classicism has done service as a political slogan. Hulme admitted that he had taken over the term directly from 'Maurras, Lasserre, all the group connected with *L'Action Francaise*'. In fact, to a man, the 'classics' have been far over on the right. Admittedly, only Ezra Pound let his politics get into the fabric of his poetry; Eliot's dabblings with the Conservative Party have been, like his plays, more a postscript than a footnote to his poetry. But politics apart, the classics have all had to set up their own rather factitious points of reference despite rather than because of contemporary standards. Eliot's Anglo-Catholicism, Pound's monetary theories, Graves's White Goddess, Wallace Stevens's cult of the Imagination: the smell of the lamp is on them all. It took Yeats, the last and one of the finest of all Romantics, to see that the classical ideal had become, in his own time, an illusion. 'Coole Park and Ballylee, 1931' is his elegy to the great Augustan repose, to ease, spaciousness, patronage and inherited family traditions. But it was those who believed in all this who 'were the last romantics'.

By 1931 the fabled peace of the Augustans had become just another romantic ideal. Classicism in our time has been, as often as not, simply inverted Romanticism.

Yet even if the new classicism was less a living issue than a polemical gesture, why is it that the idea of romanticism is still, by and large, so hard to bear? Our objection has nothing to do with the basic romantic premiss: that after the deliberate restriction and formality of eighteenth-century rationalism, the feelings must once again be allowed their say. When the Augustans spoke of 'the World' they meant society. Nothing was meaningful outside the bounds of reasonableness, manners and of a propriety maintained by a common belief in the need of rules and tolerance. Artistic morality was at one with the social tact which made conversation and all decent behaviour possible. Before the Augustans and the Civil War, artists could cope with whatever was powerful and unpredicted because they could organise it within the framework of a common religion; but after 1660 they had to adjust their passions to a Procrustean common sense. So Gray cut his elegy because it was thought to be an indecorous show of emotion.

The conventions and forms, the traditions and moral organisation that had maintained the classical ideal, lost their vitality, decayed and were usurped by a new idea. Instead of order there was liberty; instead of common sense, enthusiasm. Romanticism was of the party of revolution, progress and independence. 'The World' no longer meant 'society'; it meant Nature, before which man stood isolated, naked, with no resources but his own, with less sense than sensibility. In a way, the modern poet, without inherited beliefs or traditions, saying his own say against the huge anonymity of mass society and the continually rumbling ground bass of its mass media, is a good deal closer to the Romantics than he ever has been to the Augustans, with their patrons, assured audience and good sense, and their solid precedent of classical literature. (Hopkins, for example, the one accepted 'modern' poet of the nineteenth century, is in a way a more romantic figure in his isolation and his inscapes than was Tennyson, the best-seller coping magisterially with the public occasions for verse.)

But with a difference. The Romantics' predicament and their courage of the emotions are sympathetic enough; but when their principles lost the discipline that Coleridge, Wordsworth, Keats and Byron exerted at their best, the results were more questionable. 'The Poet', wrote Wordsworth,

> is chiefly distinguished from other men by a greater promptness to think and feel without immediate external excitement, and a greater power in expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him in that manner. But these passions and thoughts and feelings are the general passions and thoughts and feelings of men.

Romanticism became vulgarised whenever that last sentence was read as though the key word were not 'general' but 'generalised'; whenever the focus shifted from the *man* who thinks and feels and suffers to the passions and thoughts and feelings as a power on their own. The more the individual was taken for granted, the more the poets moved away from him towards some inner arcanum of mystery where Imagination, Beauty, Truth and the rest dwelt, the more was Romanticism cheapened. So we may admire the great Romantics, but not the Romantic idea – the Mysterious, the Vague. Not, for example, the cult of Ossian and the Gothic, whose charms were precisely that, unlike classical Greece and Rome, the period was largely unknown and the literature largely forgery; there was no scholarly authority to check sensation with fact. In the Tate, Thomas Girtin's drawing of a 'Subject from Ossian' sets the tone: it is all mists and looming mountains, dwarfing a tiny group of men in primitive armour. Or in 'Dejection' Coleridge can analyse with wonderful subtlety and pausing deliberation his inability to write a Romantic poem; yet when, towards the end, release comes, the storm breaks and he sketches the poem he might have written, it is merely so many clichés from Ossian and the world of Percy's *Reliques*. Along with Gothic Mystery went a steady disembodiment of feeling. Again in the Tate: Rubens's 'Hero and Leander' hangs in the next room to Turner's; in Rubens's canvas the clouds may swirl with grand emotion, but the bodies are glowingly, palpably of flesh; whilst for Turner everything is swooning away in a single ecstasy of colour. In poetry, to be disembodied meant to use a language that was vague almost by programme, since if the poet was always hinting at transcendental truths of the Imagination, he would – Hazlitt admitted it – be justifiably 'impatient of detailed interpretation'. So the language of the Romantics flowed increasingly slacker, increasingly more shallow until at length it spread into the style of Swinburne, where meaning, said Eliot, 'is merely the hallucination of meaning, because language, uprooted, has adapted itself to an independent life of atmospheric nourishment'. As with the diction, so with the life of the emotions: it became a thing apart, proliferating and exploited as a substitute for the pains of living. Byron, the most Augustan of the Romantics, once accused even Keats of 'viciously soliciting his own imagination'.

Their excesses, their self-indulgence, their sublimity and vagueness stand now between us and the Romantics. 'There are,' said Miss Marianne Moore, 'things that are important beyond all this fiddle.' And yet, in a way, we still live off them. But with this difference: we do not care less for the emotions, but we know more about them. Freud once said that 'the poets and philosophers before me discovered the unconscious. What I discovered was the scientific method by

which the unconscious can be studied'. From this Lionel Trilling concluded that 'psychoanalysis is one of the culminations of the Romanticist literature of the nineteenth century.' Conversely, modern literature in its turn has fed upon psychoanalysis. This has nothing to do with tricks of symbolism, still less with the Surrealists' inert use of the unconscious; it is a question, rather, of attitude. It is no longer enough that the feelings should be there, that they should be good or beautiful or signs of some special, ultimate truth. We ask instead that they be true in themselves, that both the wavering scraps of feeling on the surface and the deep fears and desires that organise them be recognised and judged. Dr Leavis, for example, is far from being a Freudian critic; yet when he larruped Shelley for his perversely luxurious and idealising self-pity, he was not presumably objecting to the nature of the poet's feelings – since that is not the province of criticism – but to the way Shelley, failing to understand his emotions, tried to pass them off as something else. Leavis's poetic and his psychological insights sustain each other in the process of analysis. It is, at least, a long way from the belated Romantic who, quite recently, complained that 'to accuse Wordsworth and Dorothy of incestuous feeling is like accusing the mountain torrents of unnatural vice!' The age of analysis may be tiresome in endless ways but it is, at least, not an age of tiresome innocence.

The difference between classicism and romanticism is one of province, a difference between the inner and outer worlds. But the difference between romanticism and modern literature is one of method and awareness. The Romantic will tell you what it feels like to feel; the modern poet will tell you what it feels like to think – and to think, among other matters, about feeling. He is less interested in airing his fantasies than in commanding them by an effort of creative intelligence. The Romantics were finished directly they gave in to the temptation never to use their intelligence where a conventional swoon would do, just as it was their initial rigorous insistence on intelligence that made the modern poets appear classical. But it was Freud who systematically opened the underworld of feeling to the light of the intelligence. On this has been built a new and more lucid romanticism, a romanticism, that is, with none of the old derogatory overtones of illusion and deceit.

In defence of the artist Trilling invoked Freud's great statement, 'We are all ill'. The Augustans, by their insistence on order, order at all costs, denied this, while the Romantics, with their cult of the genius, used neurosis as their one undeniable mark of identity in an alien, changing society. But in the twentieth century neurosis is no longer here nor there. An artist is judged not by his private quirks but by his ability to create from them an intelligent and public art. So when Lawrence wrote 'One sheds one's sicknesses in books – repeats and presents again one's emotions to be master of them', he was not essentially disagreeing with Wordsworth with his talk of 'emotion recollected in tranquillity'. For both, the creative act and the repose of understanding to which it led were the same. Their difference is all in their attitude to the cause: the sickness overcome, never in any degree exploited. The profound sanity of the best modern literature is the mark of the influence, however indirect, of Freud.

A. ALVAREZ

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The village rose, perhaps, from a broad stream
Lined with alders and gold-flowering flags –
Hills, mills, hay-fields, orchards – and, plain to see,
The very house behind its mulberry-tree
Stood, by a miracle, untenanted!

Alas, you could not alight, found yourself jolted
Viciously on. Public conveyances
Are not amenable to casual halts
Except in sternly drawn emergencies –
Bandits, floods, landslides, earthquakes or the like –
Nor could you muster resolution enough
To shout: 'This is emergency, let me out!',
Rushing to grasp their brakes; so the whole scene
Withdrew for ever. Once at the terminus
(As your internal mentor will have told you),
It would have been pure folly to engage
A private car, drive back, sue for possession.
Too far, too late:
Already bolder tenants were at the gate.

ROBERT GRAVES

No Reprieve?

The Military and Industrial Revolution of Our Time. By FRITZ STERNBERG. *Stevens.* 25*s.*

War and the Soviet Union. By H. S. DINERSTEIN. *Stevens.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Sir Stephen King-Hall coined the phrase 'The Thought Barrier' to describe the difficulty of comprehending the changes brought about in military affairs by the development of nuclear weapons. The same words might be borrowed to describe the difficulty experienced by anyone over, say, thirty-five in seeing the world today in its correct perspective. That some cannot even adjust themselves to the diminishing significance of Western Europe is shown by recent protests both from Right and Left against 'sheltering under the American umbrella'; but that is only the beginning. The technical and industrial supremacy of the West as a whole, which has been a constant factor in world development for five hundred years, is likely to disappear within our lifetime unless drastic steps are taken to preserve it. Finally, even the rivalry of the Communist and the Western worlds is reduced to Tweedledum proportions by the economic revolution now under way in Asiatic countries whose combined populations far outnumber those of the United States, the Soviet Union and Europe put together. If we do break through the barrier, we thus find an array of grim questions confronting us beyond it. Does it matter if Russia outdistances the West, industrially and militarily? Does it matter if China and India (and perhaps Africa) regard Russia as their benefactor, and not ourselves? If it does matter, what, if anything, can we do? In the face of such issues, the programmes of the two major political parties in Britain today seem like breakfast menus from rival firms of caterers brought, the night before his execution, to a man under sentence of death.

For this reason Dr Sternberg's book should be prescribed reading for every literate elector who presumes, this autumn, to vote a new government into power. It is not faultless. In the wide sweep of his survey he sometimes relies on dubious secondary sources; he omits certain major factors – the growth in world population most notably; and some of his conclusions seem utopian or contradictory. None the less, it is a brilliantly concise synthesis of the factors, military, economic, scientific and cultural, which are shaping or are likely to shape our lives. He takes it as axiomatic that it would be a disaster for the West to lose its industrial lead over and its military parity with Russia; yet a totalitarian state, with its power to restrict the production of consumer goods in favour of re-investment in heavy industry and military expenditure, enjoys an enormous advantage over 'free' societies which lack the self-discipline to do the same. Dr Sternberg sees salvation only in the development of automation, which could so increase labour productivity that an annual increase of six per cent. would be possible even with a 40-hour working week. But the introduction of automation on this scale would lead to such extensive social dislocation that the entire resources of state, employers and unions would have to combine to solve the problem; and both the monotony of labour and the abundance of leisure resulting from full automation would, in turn, produce spiritual and moral problems for society to solve.

This increase in production would make easier the allocation of one per cent. of the national income to aiding the under-developed countries.

For this Professor Blackett argued nobly in his Presidential Address to the British Association two years ago; Dr Sternberg sees it as the minimum contribution which the West must make, on grounds not of abstract morality but of plain common sense. Without adequate foreign aid the under-developed countries will be forced to use totalitarian measures to secure the necessary level of investment; and the West could provide it by adding no more than half an hour to the forty-hour week. 'In other words, adequate economic aid for the under-developed countries would not hold up the trend to higher living standards in the Western world – at the utmost it would slow down the pace a little'.

This has been urged before. So also has another of Dr Sternberg's recommendations – that the West, with its superior manpower, has neither the moral right nor the economic need to initiate atomic war against Russia for lack of conventional forces. Dr Sternberg deals briefly but adequately with Russian military policy; Mr Dinerstein analyses it in a work as valuable to specialists in military affairs as is Dr Sternberg's for the general reader. Other books – though not many – have appeared in the West on Russian military thought; some have been better documented: none have been so scholarly, balanced and, in the best sense of the word, sympathetic.

Mr Dinerstein has been interpreted as accusing the Russians of planning a preventive war; but to do so is to wrench his words out of their context. His argument is twofold. First, after the death of Stalin, Russian military thinkers abandoned the doctrine which he so rigorously enforced, that wars are won not by military operations but by 'permanently operating factors' of morale and social organisation, in which socialist states were by definition superior to capitalist. They now admitted that purely military factors, principally that of surprise, might bring victory. They agreed that the Intercontinental Missile, with a thermonuclear warhead, might be a decisive weapon; and having thus caught up with Western military thought they have, like Western military thinkers, speculated about the desirability of averting a fatal surprise attack by themselves striking a 'pre-emptive' blow. Secondly, the quarrel between Malenkov and Krushchev was at least partially rooted in the same disagreement about military policy which has caused so much controversy here and in the United States. Malenkov believed, like Messrs Macmillan and Sandys, that military expenditure could be reduced by reliance on the atomic deterrent alone, and resources thus be released for civilian consumption. Krushchev and his allies regarded such an attitude as disastrous, and demanded a programme of balanced forces, so that Russia, like the West, could negotiate from a position of strength. He has got them.

Mr Dinerstein is not alarmist. He gives Russian military policy every credit for being entirely defensive – and in a study sponsored by the American Air Force this is an encouraging sign. Only 'in the unlikely event that the Soviet Union should ever acquire a striking capacity so strong and sure as to preclude retaliation' does he foresee the possibility of a Russian 'pre-emptive' attack, and 'the circumstances of this hypothetical case are unlikely to occur'. But they are only unlikely to occur if the West does not lose its retaliatory capacity; and that, if Russia outpaces us technologically, we might very well do. So we return to Dr Sternberg's gloomy prognostications. The situation which faces the West is challenging, though by no means desperate; but we have better hope of meeting the challenge if we know it for what it is.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Wh Ati Szen?

Zen and Japanese Culture. By DR D. T. SUZUKI. *Routledge.* 55*s.*

'What has two heads, four arms, three legs, and hangs all night on the bedroom wall?' I say.

'Beastly Zen-Zen, the West Coast mouthwash!' shriek the papist-raddled nonentities of *Time*.

'Suzuki talks too much,' says the lately Eastern, now safely Western student who can mark the errors in Suzuki's ancient colloquial Chinese.

'Spring . . .' says Allen Ginsberg, 'I wipe my snot on the peach-blossom!'

'Well, when I first met Suzuki, he used to sell the tinned goods we got for him in order to stay alive and read up on this Zen stuff. Jolly peculiar, if you ask me. Still, he was a good old stick, even though he was a Nip . . .' says the stockbroker whose Army hut stood by the ancient monastery.

The answer for me is, a crucifix; and for the others, Dr Suzuki's book. Let's be clear about one thing from the start. I don't know if, how, where or what, Zen is. Dr Suzuki may know. The first chapter of his book runs 'What Is Zen?' as a title. However, the first (or last) chapters of half a dozen Zen books that I have lately read have the same title. For us (and by us I mean the less intelligent masses of East and West), the question is hard, even fraudulent. There is no verbal, rational answer, and, love-making apart, we are stuck with verbal, rational answers, except. . . . So why pose it rationally? Why not say, 'Is Zen What?', or 'Zen Is What', or even 'Wh Ati Szen?'

Put it this way. When Dr Suzuki goes on about, 'It is for this reason that a staff is a staff and at the same time not a staff, or that a staff is a staff just because it's not a staff' he is no more meaningful and has rather less traditional mumbo-jumbo with which to gull us than the soft, disappointing syllables of Mr Eliot's 'Time past and time present are both perhaps present in time future'. If his book was composed largely of such stuff I would not recommend it at all, but, even if you're not too hopeful about understanding, or even particularly interested in, whatever Zen turns out to be or not to be, it's a good book, worth your time and money, on account of the reproductions, poems, tracts, and fables it contains.

This is where the exception comes in. Dr Suzuki has written an amiable, intelligent account that shows how a body of abstruse, anti-conceptual, religious feelings penetrated and expressed themselves through a culture foreign to the origin of those feelings. Zen developed in China. Its best memorials, and whatever life it has today, are in Japan.

The exception goes further, and to our advantage. Because of its gestural, basically – as we would say – irrational core, Zen converts of talent often chose to express themselves in the two great arts: painting, that has no need to speak or move; poetry, that spurns both silence and explanation. What's more, because – in the beginning – Zen ritual meant plain living, much of it shows in practical disciplines like gardening, swordsmanship, serving tea to friends, flower arranging, and archery.

On each of these subjects Dr Suzuki has a chapter. In them, we can partly grasp what Zen means in particular. In any case, we learn and enjoy a number of things on the side. The crown of the book, though, is the paintings he reproduces and the *haiku* he reprints. Here, I make so bold to say, we – you and I, that is – can get our Zen. Mu Ch'i and Liang K'ai are masters beyond all doubt; Issa and Buson are serious poets indeed; all four acknowledged Zen as their understand-

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ing, and, as is the way of masters, make us feel as they felt, at least momentarily. Mu Ch'i paints six persimmons in something like six minutes, but after six years spent watching the little fruit. There they stand, still, perfect, the *thing*. Or Buson's *haiku*:

> A thin-bladed kitchen knife
> Dropped at the edge of the well –
> The cold!

cold as the night on which it was written two hundred years ago.

There is much in Zen that is disgusting. Like all religions it is a whore, condoning or ignoring exploitation, war, poverty, filth. At times (for example, this month, when 10,000,000 people have been commemorating the first bomb test at Hiroshima), the very wisest, very oldest Zen master becomes a smelly old bore, and the wittiest pupils boffing each other with bits of stick as they roar 'REALITY!' and 'TRUTH!' under the indifferent moon, stupid boys. But that's less than the half of it.

Frankly, what is there in Zen for us? Quite a lot. It encourages irreverence, scepticism, contempt for gratuitous originality, and patience – all with tried spontaneity. A poem of Brecht's reflects the useful, pertinent spirit of the book:

> Running from I know not what
> Towards I know not what,
> I asked for a lift. Outside,
> The man is changing the wheel.
> Why am I so impatient?

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

The prizewinners of the Cheltenham Poetry Awards are Laurence Whistler (£75), Helen Spalding (£50), and William Younger (£25).

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Doctor in the House

The House of Intellect. By JACQUES BARZUN. *Secker & Warburg.* 32s. 6d.

One picks up this book with that crumpled feeling, flecked with nausea, induced by the thought of another diagnosis of our times, of yet another conjugation of the moods of disaster. But *The House of Intellect* is an unusual book. It contains no anguish, no challenge, and (what a relief) no commitment. Instead one finds a sharp, disgusted dissection of the tone of American intellectual life. And since American life, in matters of culture, is 'a gross effigy and simulacrum' of our own, much that a perceptive critic has to say is true or ominously prophetic of life here. Jacques Barzun is, of course, a most distinguished academic who has made notable contributions to the history of ideas, but – I'm afraid one has to say but – he is also a man with a living, sceptical and indignant mind.

And what is he disgusted and indignant about? He isn't advocating any special brand of ideas. He is neither conservative nor radical, not – I mean – in the body of this book. His concern is with intellectual method, with what should be common to both systems of ideas, and his judgment is that among modern intellectuals, whether on the left or the right, in art or science, intellect, the faculty which delivers, and by which we are possessed of, principles, is blurred, distorted and enfeebled. Modern men have developed an obsessively reductive habit of mind. They are exclusively intent upon motives, impulses and influences and indifferent to, or suspicious of, impersonal ideas and deliberate purposes. The general intercourse of educated men, therefore, cannot but be lax without principle and blundering without purpose. 'Intellectual forms have been replaced by psychological ploys.' It isn't, Barzun thinks, that thoughtful men today are any less intelligent, 'but their powers have habitually been put to other uses than reasoning'. They are untrained in holding, unskilled in articulating, incapable of controlling and contrasting discursive ideas. They are not people merely with an imperfect grasp of the discipline of intellect: they suffer from an atrophy of the faculty itself. So that the continuity of thought is torn and 'the codes of discussion and judgment are missing'.

It is very much in the spirit of Coleridge – one of the presences one feels brooding at the back of Barzun's thought – that he should find his most compelling evidence for the decline of intellect in the state of language, in 'the toxic condition of the vocabulary', in the absence in the general commerce of the educated of 'orderly and perspicuous expression which may lead to common belief and concerted action'. 'With the loss of articulate precision . . . the social and publicly responsible intellect sickens and dies.' Words are out. 'The new pastimes of the educated amateur are the arts of non-articulate expression, music and painting. . . . Everywhere picture and sound crowd out text.' Since language is *the* civilising influence it isn't surprising when language is despised, as it is today both in theory and practice, that we should have schools in which, it is assumed, 'each pupil has a supremely gifted mind, which must not be tampered with, and a defective personality, which the school must remodel'. Nor is it surprising to find Teachers' Colleges with 'a zest for inducing the "right attitude", a thick-skinned intolerance towards all who doubt or criticise so much goodness, and a special language, a flatulent Newspeak, which combines self-righteousness with permanent fog . . .'. At this particular moment of our educational development the warning rings for us loud and clear.

Barzun follows Tocqueville in specifying liberal philanthropy as the chief cause of the distemper. We are neurotically concerned with irrelevant kinds of equality, and we drag it out from the moral sphere where it belongs to the intellectual where it is absurd. His chapter on *The Folklore of Philanthropy*, a study of the assumptions and behaviour of the institutionalised philanthropy of the great American Foundations, is one of the most cogent, damning, cruelly comic pieces of social analysis since Arnold. This section alone would have justified Barzun's calling his book *Culture and Malarky*.

I won't say that I haven't a few gripes against *The House of Intellect*. It shows a tendency to attribute universal human failings, like the stupidity and laziness of students, simply to the decline of intellectual tradition; there is sometimes a thinning off of the idea of intellect into the abstraction of a *philosophe*; there is on occasion a misleading use of the term 'democratic'; and an inclination to be too absolute in statements about art and science. A little more graduated dissent would be refreshing. But this is nothing to the pleasure with which one welcomes so strong and civilised a criticism, all the more satisfying for Barzun's having no simple, unqualified faith in the excellence of reason. It is nothing to the delight with which one hears so convincing an argument for a purer, more stringent discourse. To the yawning pores of a lax mind this book is a distillation of witchhazel.

WILLIAM WALSH

How Not to Do It

Radical Jack. By LEONARD COOPER. *Cresset Press.* 35s.

This new life of the first Lord Durham seems to me to be a good example of how *not* to write political biography. Mr Leonard Cooper has chosen a superb subject, the author of the first draft of the Reform Bill, as well as of the famous Durham Report on Canada, which became the Magna Carta of the British Commonwealth. The Lambtons were aristocrats of enormous wealth. What was remarkable about the wilful boy who inherited the estates 130 years ago was that he had a passion for politics and, even more remarkable, was a democrat by conviction. While all the other Whig leaders wanted to preserve the oligarchy by cautiously buying in the middle classes, Durham believed, as a matter of principle, in the secret ballot. Indeed, he nearly broke up the Cabinet when his colleagues dropped the proposal from the great Reform Bill. So, too, at the end of his life, he summed up his revolutionary doctrine in three elegant sentences of the Durham Report:

> I admit that the system which I propose would in fact place the internal government of the Colony in the hands of the colonists themselves. . . . If they make bad laws and select improper persons to conduct their affairs, they will generally be the only, always the greatest sufferers; and, like the people of other countries, they must bear the ills which they bring on themselves, until they choose to apply the remedy.

Democracy, for Lord Durham, however, was not a way of life but a theory, to which he was converted in much the same way as an American millionaire might become a Communist today. Not only in his private life but in his political conduct as well, he remained a wilful, autocratic oligarch, whose erratic arrogance embarrassed every cause he adopted.

A standard *Life of Lord Durham* was published in 1929 and was based on a careful study of the Lambton papers. Mr Cooper justifies going through the papers again and writing a new book on the ground that he has concentrated on 'home and family life and the strange complexity of his nature.' But the two prerequisites for understanding Lord Durham are, first, a passion for politics and, secondly, a sympathetic understanding of the eternal conflict in British politics between theory and action which, in any Cabinet, explodes into a clash between the workaday politician and the fanatic. Alas, Mr Cooper has no taste for politics:

> For getting the political atmosphere of the time, I know nothing to compare with the novels of Lord Beaconsfield and Anthony Trollope.

And what he has given us in *Radical Jack* is a hybrid, which combines the false romanticism of *Coningsby* with the outsider's cynicism that Trollope displays in the political scenes of *Phineas Finn*. Mr Cooper has obviously no idea of what really happens either on the floor of the House of Commons or in the Smoking Room, but he feels it is his duty to make his story sound dramatic and exciting; as a result, it reads like a novelette.

This, however, is a story which cannot be entirely spoilt in the telling. In describing Lord Durham's unhappy youth, Mr Cooper shows that he got his revolutionary ideas from a gloomy pedagogue at Clifton, in whose hands his fashionable mother dumped her children to avoid trouble. Under the guise of Moral Relations, Dr Beddoes taught young Lambton the doctrines of Tom Paine. He went to Eton in 1805, a dogmatic revolutionary, with the principles already fixed in his mind which he was to attempt to draft into the Reform Bill. How charming, by the way, to learn that, at the meetings of the drafting committee, Lord Durham acted as secretary and recorded the minutes, while Lady Durham and her daughter – in an effort to prevent leaks – acted as copyists.

We can also learn some interesting details of the circumstances in which the Durham Report was drafted. This classic Blue Book was the work of a man who spent only five months in all in Canada – and less than three weeks outside Quebec. Quite wrongly, Lord Durham, who was anti-French, turned down federation in favour of union. Quite rightly, he recommended immediate self-government. Characteristically, Lord Melbourne, who was Premier, accepted union and rejected self-government. Equally characteristically, Lord Durham – who had been suddenly and very unfairly recalled owing to a particularly dirty piece of party intrigue – celebrated his departure from Quebec by a moving appeal to the Canadians and a fiery denunciation of the Cabinet of which he was a member. On his return to London, he refused to speak to any of his colleagues and proceeded to draft the Report in the closest secrecy, not permitting the Prime Minister or any other Cabinet colleague to get an inkling of what was in it until it was leaked, very conveniently, in *The Times*.

Properly told, the true story of Lord Durham could have been the vintage political biography, which would make *Coningsby* taste like pink champagne and *Phineas Finn* like very small beer. But even so, I read it with a good deal of pleasure.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

New Penguins include *The Penguin Book of French Verse IV: The Twentieth Century*, edited by Anthony Hartley (5s.); *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, translated by B. Stone (2s. 6d.); and the Pelican *Hypnosis: Fact and Fiction*, by F. L. Marcuse (3s. 6d.).

New Novels

Lucia Wilmot. By MARY K. HARRIS *Chatto & Windus*. 15*s*.

An Affair with the Moon. By TERENCE DE VERE WHITE. *Gollancz*. 15*s*.

The Good Wife. By AURELIA LEVI. *Hamish Hamilton*. 15*s*

A Breath of French Air. By H. E. BATES. *Joseph*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Bond Street Story. By NORMAN COLLINS. *Collins*. 16*s*.

Innocence is the keynote of the first three novels here: it's also the subject of one of them. Lucia Wilmot is its personification – a tense, fiery, headlong sixteen-year-old, direct and dangerous as only the innocent can be. Emerging from adolescence and an Anglican convent school, clutching a few over-simple certainties, she offends acquaintances and inflicts more lasting hurt on those drawn to her by affection: a wounded officer from the Spanish Civil War; a refugee from Nazi Germany. There's a trace of self-pity, of too-loving tenderness, in this portrait of a modern Emma, a modern Becky Sharp; there's also a slightly tiresome insistence on the tennis-and-shrubberies *milieu*. The final scene, moreover, with Lucia stranded luggageless in Brighton, bedded down in a *maison de passe*, seems slightly out of place even as a means of hammering home the moral. Nevertheless, Miss Harris's novel – her second – has a stylish inventiveness and a precision of phrase that give its little snowstorm world a promise of permanence.

The innocent of *An Affair with the Moon* is Jane, a much-wedded, many-lovered illiterate poppet now married to a solicitor in his forties who's not so much an innocent, I should say, as an idiot. Jane has a fetching line in Awful-Child prattle, the best of which is quoted on the dust-jacket ('What does adultery mean, darling-heart?'): her literary lineage is roughly Margot Metroland, Sally Bowles, and Lorelei from *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Jane and her husband prefer Ireland – or they think they do: what ensues is a wickedly true but less than hilarious adventure into local society in the environs of Dublin. Mr White, who seems to have seen through the shamrock racket, kicks the Blarney Stone good and hard, treating the gentry with the kind of loving derision that Mr Evelyn Waugh serves out to his landed aristocracy. On this level his book is very crisp and quite successful; then he spoils it, rather in Mr Waugh's manner, by suddenly taking it seriously, implanting a restrained love affair and a swift downbeat ending. Restraint and speed save the book from collapse: but it emerges looking broken-backed, as much a hybrid as Jane's and Denis's marriage.

The Good Wife contains no innocents, but is the soul of innocence itself. Written with great and curious intensity, it tells of the gradual revolt of a downtrodden American wife, married to a selfish he-man, with two misfit sons easily bordering on delinquency. It would be unkind to suggest that it's autobiographical: however, it reads like a daydream of woman's agelong frustration. Like a daydream, but unlike a mature novel, it allows itself the luxury of an unpitied villain and a romantic lover, European and a pianist: its ending, half-renunciation and half-happy release, is cathartic but unconvincing. What chiefly grips, apart from the coiled fury of the plot-line, is a surprisingly plausible sketch of the younger, more obscenely troublesome son. Yes, one feels, *this* is authentic, the beatnik from the inside. But it's

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hard to believe that the cure is escape with that tense and terrifying Mom.

After the innocents, the experts. In *A Breath of French Air*, Mr Bates opens another seam of his private goldmine, the Larkin family. This instalment of their adventures might almost be subtitled 'The Darling Bubs of Ma'; but as well as suckling, heavily in evidence in the first chapter, there's guzzling, chuckling, tippling, canoodling, and giggling. But if your veins, like mine, flow with iced water, you'll tend to share the sniffy diffidence of the Larkins' Breton hosts.

Finally, *Bond Street Story*, in which Mr Norman Collins gives the Imperial Palace treatment to Rammell's, a department-novel with a vengeance. It isn't just one book. It's an entire shelf-ful of books. Complete with little jokes, and floor-walker's dialect, and tricks to tug at your heart-strings. And an immoral model. All among the staunch comic Londoners. All piled on top of one another. All in nice short sentences. Like this. Readable. Maddeningly. Maddening.

RICHARD MAYNE

Justice to Handel

Handel's Dramatic Oratorios and Masques. By WINTON DEAN. *Oxford. 6 gns.*

Mr Winton Dean's book is important. It is remarkable not only for its scholarship but for its imagination. He has devised an admirably clear and efficien: form for presenting his material: the device of combining prefatory, expository and peripheral matter in an opening section of seven chapters and two subsequent 'Interludes' considerably clarifies the task of discussing the oratorios one by one. The individual chapters on the works are thus perfectly uniform. But, in view of Handel's development, discussion in chronological order ensures the progressive enlargement of the critical field. So while it is true that the chapters can be read in isolation for reference purposes (and the standardised form within the chapters makes this simple), much will be lost if the sequence is not followed. By the time Mr Dean has dealt with *Theodora* and *Jephtha*, there is no need for the customary rhetorical conclusion. The form is complete.

In addition to this firm structure, the unusually felicitous prose style and apt literary and other allusions help to make the book very readable. This is an especial virtue since there is a strong bias towards practical performance, and musicians are notoriously unwilling to avail themselves of authoritative advice if it is buried in a mass of scholarly apparatus. Mr Dean's observations on Handel's inspired instrumentation are the most positive and unarguable corrective to the monstrous regiment of modernisers. However, this is the least important of Mr Dean's aims. His central thesis, of course, is that the Oratorios and Dramatic Masques, rather than the Italian operas, contain Handel's greatest dramatic inspirations. And since it is performance, not study, that he is advocating, he is immediately confronted with the fact that performance of a Handel Oratorio in its entirety is not advisable on any grounds. He discusses the question of redundancy frankly and in detail. His thorough consideration of questions of dramatic truth gives his conclusions weight.

Musically, Mr Dean is chiefly concerned with dramatic character, and from that point of view he examines the text very closely and often with great insight. But there are times when a more purely musical approach would be welcome. The invaluable indexing of Handel's numerous borrowings and the excellent general discussion of the problem would both have benefited from the addition of some analytical comparisons. Quotation of Handel's thematic material alongside its source in some other composer is not quite sufficient; more interesting would be to observe what happens to a larger structure, like the fine Carissimi chorus which Handel re-worked in *Samson*. Certain other technicalities, such as Handel's use of various kinds of chromaticism for dramatic purposes, also call for some kind of synoptic discussion. Indeed, the chief disadvantage of Mr Dean's method is that cross references are difficult to manage, so that one is not encouraged, for instance, to make detailed comparisons between Handel's various approaches to similar subject matter, as in his many nature pieces, or his extraordinary nocturnes. On the whole, this might prove more rewarding than some of the comparisons with later dramatic composers. For example, it is not very useful to be told that 'Handel's use of chromatic scale figures over a pedal anticipates the practice of such nineteenth-century opera composers as Verdi and Bizet'. Practically everything anticipates something.

But there is so much information so well presented in this vast book that it would be churlish to stress such weaknesses. The light which Mr Dean has shed on this outstandingly important field is brilliant and is far-reaching. A book of this kind cannot be superseded, any more than the foundation of a building is by what is built on top of it.

DAVID DREW

One Man's War

Journey with a Pistol. By NEIL MCCALLUM. *Gollancz. 16s.*

This book is mainly a record of Mr McCallum's service with the Highland Division between Alamein and Sicily where he was wounded. According to his preface he put it together, immediately after the war, from letters and notebooks that had been sent to Britain. This largely accounts for its strength and its weaknesses. It has freshness and immediacy because the observations, reflections and feelings were set down straightway after the events to which they relate and are made authentic by the sort of concrete details which are the stuff of the soldier's life but which are so quickly forgotten once the uniform is put aside and the pistol handed in. But Mr McCallum made his selection in what seems to have been a single mood – or perhaps wrote his diaries and his letters always from the one mood – and so there is a monotony about the book, a harping on the theme of futility, which makes it true only as far as it goes and prevents it from having a universal truth. Mr McCallum writes as if he, and his comrades, lived always in a state of boredom and apprehension and were forever asking themselves what was the good of war. True, few soldiers did not have these feelings at times, at times did not ask themselves such disconsolate questions; but it is also true that they knew exhilarations, even exaltations, that they relaxed and caroused, made jokes and sang. And I well remember a New Zealand Scot, as intelligent, courageous and sincere as Mr McCallum, who once told me that the guns at Alamein had been 'music to my ears'. The robust humanity, common to all armies, is missing from this book.

It seems unkind to the reader, too, to present him so often with things thought at the time and gives no indication if they are thought still. Thus:

> One has to be in it, or out of it, either a fighting soldier or a pacifist. Between these two there is only dishonesty – the incredible dishonesty of those who work and scheme and plan that others may fight, the dishonesty of generals and munition workers, the dishonesty of those who give lip-service and labour to the war but will not undertake the killing.

Would Mr McCallum stand by that now, I wonder? For myself I prefer, like him, the fighting soldier, but this posing of alternatives seems ingenuous at this distance of time. It would be more mature to accept that all men are in some ways dishonest, the fighting soldier, the pacifist, the general and the munition worker, but that our sympathy goes to the man who, whether from inertia or from choice, happens to be where the shells are bursting, the man at what we used to call 'the sharp end'.

Mr McCallum's preoccupation with why we fight leads him to some strange positions. He suffers from an anxiety for perfection that nourishes his sense of futility, defeatism almost, since he knows perfection is not possible. 'Why liberate concentration camps in Europe', he asks, 'but leave – outside the scope of war – the concentration camps of Negro labour, in South Africa where the blacks are slaves in all but name?' One thing at a time would seem to be the commonsense answer. Must we do nothing because we cannot do everything? Again, he complains: 'It would be hard to find an infantryman who could define democracy.' But do you have to be able to define a thing before you are permitted to want it and fight for it?

The book is well written, especially in the descriptive passages which relieve the otherwise pervading greyness of tone. It is serious and it touches on great paradoxes: that one must be prepared to lose one's life if life is to remain worth living; that killing is sometimes the only way to ensure that humane convictions prevail; and that to fight efficiently for an ultimate freedom a man must be ready to accept for the time being that drastic tyranny, military discipline. But Mr McCallum's intellect debates these paradoxes only with his own conscience – these two are the book's only characters and the debate takes precedence over the military action which might have given it a more dramatic form. The intellect is not detached or strong enough to keep the conscience under control and the paradoxes remain unresolved. The debate is at heart a monologue.

The war solved no problems for Mr McCallum, one assumes, else he would have reworked this material or given his present view of it. Had he gone over the ground again he might have learnt to be more fair at times and might have found that the difference, emphasised in his sub-title, between his point of view and Montgomery's, is slighter than he thinks. Perhaps, had he arrived in the Middle East early enough to take part in its disasters and retreats he would have been more humble and more just.

D. M. DAVIN

Week-end Competition

No. 1,540 **Set by Paul Johnson**

The latest pre-election propaganda put out by the Conservative Central Office shows the late William Shakespeare exclaiming, as the benefits of Tory rule are unrolled, 'That alone would get my support'. The usual prizes are offered for the best ten lines as by Shakespeare, Chaucer, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson or Dylan Thomas, explaining why he is proposing to vote Conservative. Entries by 8 September.

Result of No. 1,537 Set by Berin Hill

In a celebrated passage Gibbon describes how he was moved to embark on the history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by the sight of the bare-footed friars singing Vespers in the ruins of the Temple of Jupiter. The usual prizes are offered for a passage (limit 150 words) from the memoirs of the future historian of the Decline and Fall of the British Empire describing corresponding stimulus.

Report

The essence of the competition was to catch an incident, not out of the ordinary in itself, but speaking volumes once its complexity is perceived. The survival of cricket in various forms served a surprisingly large number of competitors to introduce 'the melancholy sequence of events which had brought the tortuous diplomacy of the Kremlin to the spot on which thousands had been charmed by the delicate wizardry of a Ranjitsinhji, and on which the cavalier abandon of a Macartney had yielded place to the dour intransigence of the Pentagon' (A. M. Robertson). But some mused elsewhere – at Wembley, at Kensington (watching small boys play football with an old topi on the steps of the Imperial Institute), and at Stonehenge (listening to a brass band play selections from 'Salad Days'). An Australian competitor contemplated (with distaste) a photograph of young men reading from the works of John Osborne in the ruins of Stratford.

On the whole the entries, ranging though they did from the thoughtful to the indignant and the farcical, fell into two groups – the more or less close imitators of Gibbon's manner, and the rest. And all showed how fundamentally terse, despite his surface orotundity, the master was. D. A. J. S. captured both manner and matter with considerable skill (if some improbability) and divides first place with John Digby (2gns. each). Findlay P. Murdoch stuck rather too slavishly to the original, but I think his striking picture and at least one really Gibbonesque sentence earns a guinea, as does Jeremiah Sowerby.

It was on the evening of the twenty-ninth of August, 1995, as I sat upon a rotting bench in the second-class station of St Pancras and watched the ritual progress of the strikers, with their tattered placards announcing their melancholy and irrational claim to be granted a week comprising no more than thirty hours, making their way, as they had done at the same hour of every evening of the last nineteen years, over the crumbling platforms and the rusting railway lines that had once served to supply the needs or the luxuries of the metropolis with the wares of Sheffield and Huddersfield, or the commerce of Liverpool and Hull, that I determined to become the chronicler of the last days of that empire, the symbols of whose grandeur, and of whose decay, were everywhere around me.

D. A. J. S.

. . . Marx's grave, so woefully dismissed by the heretics of antiquity, was today the goal of the civilised world. Eulogium after eulogium rang in the golden October air; every diverse tongue resounded in turn on this Highgate upland. But, by about three in the afternoon, I confess that I wearied of the polyglot laudations, and sought the southern parts of the ancient capital.

My way took me past Lord's, the temple, and, as it was said, the symbolical heart of the Empire that had sunk into limbo. Today, on the greensward, the two socialist republics of the Georgias from opposite hemispheres wrestled in the universal game of baseball. Drawn by the contest, I wandered into the great pavilion. The interior, gloomy and hushed, was filled with the most venerated relics of the once great Empire: a portrait of the bearded saint, Grace; rows of crumbling Wisdens. It was here . . .

JOHN DIGBY

THE HOUSEMAIDS WERE BOUGHT TO MEASURE

The housemaids at Woburn Abbey between the Wars—about thirty of them—were all at least five feet ten inches tall. "They were," the present Duke of Bedford says, "more or less bought to measure". There was also a brewery—but the beer was used only for scrubbing the oak floors.

The "Showman Duke's" autobiography, 'A Silver-plated Spoon', points a fascinating contrast between those palmy days of over £200,000 a year income and today's hard times of half-a-crown-a-nob visitors.

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WORLD DIGEST

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KAMA KALA SOME NOTES ON THE PHILOSOPHICAL BASIS OF HINDU EROTIC SCULPTURE

By MULK RAJ ANAND. "An important publication . . . Some excellent illustrations . . . a thoughtful essay"—E. M. FORSTER in *The Listener.* "A brave and beautiful book"—*The Observer.* "Very large and finely reproduced photographs, in the main too startling for the normal library"—*Daily Telegraph.* "Wonderful, luxurious book"—*Tribune de Genève.* "An enlightened and courageous venture"—*Encounter.* "The remarkable photographs in Kama Kala are a hymn to the sanctity of procreation, with their superb displays of Maithuna sculptures . . . Here is the sap of life at its epitome. Here is sheer grandeur rendered with such sincere devotion and integrity. Let the puritans say what they will, Kama Kala is a volume of surpassing beauty"—*Illustrated Weekly of India.* We can modestly describe the sales as astonishing. But so is the book itself. *Super Royal 4to* £7 7s.

Prospectus from the publishers, **CHARLES SKILTON, LTD.,** 50, Alexandra Road, London, S.W 19.

As I sat musing amidst the ruins of Westminster, while barefooted British coolies reorientated themselves in the House of Common Correction, the idea of writing the Decline and Fall of the city started to my mind. The sun was far sunk in the West, and yellow chinks gleamed in the fragment of wall that alone remained of the once-proud Mother of Parliaments, where the historian Churchill once proclaimed that he had not assumed the leadership in order to preside over the dissolution of an Empire. A sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that, however long and secure the life of a historian, his predictions were likely to prove transient and insubstantial. Then I recalled the deathbed utterance of an earlier ruler of an obscure northern province: 'It came wi' a lass, and it'll gang wi' a lass'; and I perceived that this might well serve as the epitome of my history.

FINDLAY P. MURDOCH

Seated one day console satellite, noticed slow-moving swarm meteorites, large dust. Electro-netted, proved to be coins, radio-activity 65,000-3, inscribed 'Victoria Regina', followed abbrevs titles. Research division claim currency British Empire (Earth), moribund Blast Year minus 25. May thesisize subject this Empire, à-pro Decline, Fall, spot-lighting intriguing amalgam honesty and hypocrisy, self-destructive tendencies, driving force more centrifugal than philanthropic.

Research claim only surviving monuments Blackpool Tower, believed radio-co-ordination Empire-building activities; Singapore Jockey-Club, connected sport, but other activities investigable. Note: chapter dealing heraldic and practical use animals. Joe suggests comedy chapter dealing patriotic songs: Land, Hope, Glory; God Save King/Queen; Rule Britannia (Patron Saint). Archives say film 'Gunga Din' available, useful zeitgeist angle.

Flash: – Research say copper in coins adulterated. Symbolic?

JEREMIAH SOWERBY

City Lights

Famous Victory

The prize-fight for Harrods dragged on for so long that the City became not merely bored but slightly disgusted with it. It was a crazy business, with both would-be champions furiously seeking to ruin themselves in exchange for victory; the sensible man was United Drapery's Mr Collier, who saw the way things were going and withdrew from the contest with profitable alacrity. Nobody was really surprised when investors decided to put a crazy end to the crazy affair by accepting the crazier offer.

Mr Fraser's victory is said to be a fresh defeat for the City's financial establishment, but this is something less than a half-truth. Certainly Mr Fraser is not popular with the English establishment and certainly the directors of Harrods and Debenhams had some very respectable City advisers; but it was the chairman of Debenhams, Mr Bedford, a professional draper, who was mainly responsible for his own defeat. Without going so far as to conjecture that he wished to lose and put up a fight only to mollify the board of Harrods, it is still fair to point out that he had no very strong reason for fighting hard. Whether because he had no wish to fight or because he is psychologically unsuited to this kind of warfare, Mr Bedford persistently left the initiative to Mr Fraser, turned down every opportunity which arose, gradually disheartened his supporters, and finally convinced the stockholders of Harrods that he was going to lose. If Mr Fraser was going to win, his offer had best be taken while it was still open, and they accepted in a rush. Pyrrhus is recovering in Monte Carlo.

The leader-writers have had their go at Radcliffe. Everyone now knows its main recommendations – the need to put Grandma in her place, the plea for more information and open-mindedness, the emphasis on the subordinate role of monetary policy – and most people seem ready to accept them. So far, so good, but the report goes very little further, preferring to fall self-consciously between two stools. On the one hand, while emphasising that monetary policy is not only closely related to other forms of control but essentially subordinate to them, it fails to discuss the relation; the committee was admittedly restricted by its terms of reference, but it could have broken out of them if it had really wanted to.

On the other hand, when it comes to discussing the internal role of monetary policy, the report is either vague or self-contradictory. One half-understood theory is violently rejected, another badly digested theory substituted, but no implications for policy are drawn. Loose ends, signs of compromise and re-writing abound; one man is writing here, another takes over there; one is against this and the other against that, and their prejudices together sweep the field clear of positive recommendations. All the grand generalisations boil down to little more than that long-term interest rates might profitably be kept a little higher than in the past while capital remains scarce. Bold in denunciation, timid in positive suggestion, scrappy, repetitive and muddle-minded, this central section of the report is a monument to the virtues of unanimity. A considerable number of important points are not mentioned, or, if mentioned, not discussed; the Committee, presumably, felt competent only to consider what was put before it, and many people who might have made suggestions were frightened off by the thought of keeping cranky company.

Yet the unanimity which often renders the report valueless on matters of detail will make it almost impossible to ignore its general recommendations. If Grandma is prepared to accept these recommendations gracefully, the rest will follow. The present Governor is anxious to resign and has only been waiting on the publication of this report; the report has been published at a time when a new economic overseer of the Treasury has to be appointed. If the government can find two men who are both strong and Radcliffe-minded the next decade may be less infuriating than the last.

* * *

No sooner had the Radcliffe Committee published its cagily sceptical views about Bank rate than the City began to expect another change. The US Federal Reserve, hamstrung in its debt operations by the refusal of Congress to sanction higher long-term interest rates, is still pressing hard on short-term rates. The US Treasury bill rate is now well above our own, another rise in the discount rate may well take place before many weeks are past, and the City would not be surprised to see Bank rate going up in the autumn. The matter is of no particular importance outside the gilt-edged market, but traditional feelings of awe are not easily extinguished. If the advice of the Radcliffe Report is accepted and the Chancellor himself were now to announce a rise in Bank rate with due solemnity, there would be plenty of people to imagine that another sterling crisis was imminent.

TAURUS

UNITED NATIONS

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The Chess Board

No. 511. The Tactical Chance

It may be pleasant enough to force a win once a sufficient positional or material advantage has been established either by one's own good strategy or (more likely) by the opponent's blundering; but it is rather more thrilling to win by spotting and properly seizing some sudden tactical chance, better still, by creating it when there doesn't seem to be a chance at all. Take this position achieved by the Viennese master H. Müller (Black) in 1941. /24/3plppp/3Pp3/3kP1P1/5PP1/3K4/. True enough, Black's position has a somewhat dominating look, but there is really nothing he could do about it if White were wise enough to stay put and keep his K in the centre; hence Black decided to create a certain chance he had spotted, by luring the opponent on:

(1) . . . K-B5!; (2) K-B2?, K-Kt4!!; (3) K-Kt3, K-B3; (4) K-Kt4, K-Q3; (5) K-Kt5 [Suspicion seems to be far from his innocent mind], K-Q2; (6) K-B5, K-K3; (7) K-B6?? [Here was his very last chance to turn back], P-Kt5! [Now he's got his tactical chance and grasps it]; (8) K-B5, P-B5!!; (9) KP x P [Relatively best], P-R5!; (10) P x P, P-Kt6!; (11) P x P, P-K6 and wins by clever psychology even more than by good chess.

Sometimes, what may seem to be a tactical chance is really a chimera, but then, as likely as not, the opponent may chase equally elusive chances rather than grasp a tangible advantage. Such a comedy of errors occurred in this year's Czechoslovak championship when in the game Pachman-Ujtelky this position occurred. /r4krl/2R4p/1Q2p3/p2q1p2/p2P4/4P3/1P4PP/R5K1/.

(1) P-K4!? [Very tempting, the idea being to counter . . . Q x P by Q-Q6 ch, and . . . P x P by R-B1 ch; but Black has other ideas], R x P ch!; (2) K-R1 [Still chasing a win, but it would have been wiser to take the R, accepting perpetual check], Q x KP!; (3) Q-Q6 ch, K-Kt1 [Possession of this safe haven making all the difference]; (4) Q-K5, Q-B6? [Now it is Black's turn not so much to chase a chimera than to be needlessly afraid of one; He should have simply played . . . R x QKtP ch; (5) Q x Q, P x Q, with a winning endgame; what he was evidently afraid of, was (6) R-Kt1 ch, K-R1; (7) R(1)-Kt7; what he overlooked was that this was quite harmless after . . . R-Kt8 ch; (8) K-Kt2, R-KKt1!]; (5) Q x P ch? [White's turn to make a blunder and the final one at that; by (5) R-B3!; Q-Kt2; (6) R-B7! he could have secured the draw], K-R1; (6) Q-QB6, R-Kt8 ch!, and the other R will ring down the curtain.

Finally, here—Lasker-Tarrasch, St. Petersburg 1914—is a position in which the great Lasker, as he so often did, found the tactical chance to save what seemed to be a lost game. /8/5KBB/p4b2/1pp1kb2/8/1P6/1P5P/8/. Tarrasch could have won right away by (1) . . . B-K3 ch; (2) K-Kt6, B x B; (3) K x B, B x P, but he felt he could force the win more easily in a P-ending.

(1) . . . KB x B?; (2) B x B K x B; (3) K x B, P-R4; (4) P-R4, K-Kt5; [So far so good, if only Lasker had obliged by complying with his opponent's plan (5) K-B6, P-B5; (6) P x P, P x P; (7) K-K5, P-B6!; (8) P x P, P-R5 etc., but Lasker saw his tactical chance and grasped it]; (5) K-Kt6!! [A "detour" which wins a tempo in as much as, owing to the threat of the White RP pressing on, Black must first take it], K x P; (6) K-B5, [Now the White K is near enough to make nonsense of Black's original plan of forcing a P through; in fact, he would now lose if he tried it, and he is quite lucky to get away with a draw], K-Kt6; (7) K-K4, K-B7; (8) K-Q5, K-K6; (9) K x P, K-Q6; (10) K x P, K-B7; (11) K x P, K x P (b3) and draws.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Black, oblivious of the probable win he had by . . . R x P, went to his doom by . . . B-Kt1. Why? **B**, a win, should be easy enough for 6 ladder-points. **C**, a win too, is very subtle indeed.

A: *Starck.* 1958: /3r1r1k/pp4pb/4Q2p/qlbRP3/8/1P4P1/PB3PBP/R5K1/.

B: *A. Selesniev*, 1915: /8/6pk/1kt1Kt1P2/5PPp/3p4/p2K4/16/.

C: *Z. M. Birnov:* /ktk2K3/Kt7/7B/8/P3Kt3/16/7b/.

Usual prizes. Entries by 7 September.

REPORT on No. 508. Set 8 August

A: (1) K-Kt4!, KxKt; (2) KxP, K-Q4; (3) K-B5 and wins.

B: (1) K-Kt6, Kt-B1 ch; (2) K-B7, Kt-Q2; (3) Kt-K6 ch, K-B1; (4) K-K7!, P-B4 (forced); (5) Kt-Q5 ch, K-Kt1; (6) KxKt and wins.

If (2) . . . Kt-R2; (3) Kt-K6 ch! (Kt-R3?), K-Q2 (best); (4) Kt-B5 ch, K-B2; (5) Kt-K4!, P-B4; (6) K-Kt7, K-B3; (7) KxKt and wins.

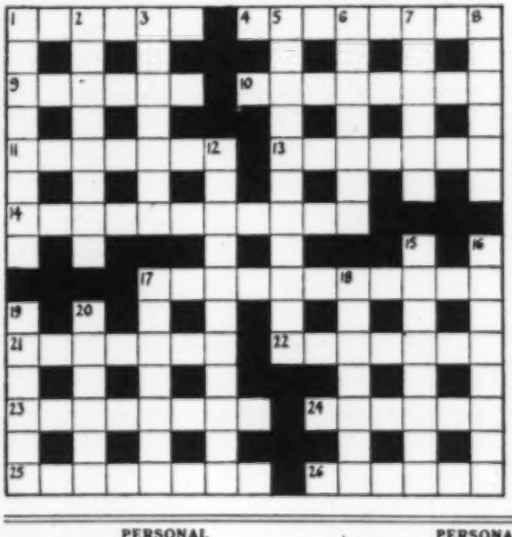
C: (1) P-Kt6! (KxKt?), Kt-R5 (best); (2) Kt-Kt7 ch!, K-Kt4; (3) Kt (7) -K6 ch, K-R3!; (4) P-Kt7! (KxKt?), Kt-B4 ch (5) K-Kt4, KtxP; (6) Kt-Q4!! and mates next move.

Many flawless solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, S. N. Collings, G. A. Gantry, R. Hayward, G. Saadberg.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 368

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 368, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 8 Sept.



ACROSS

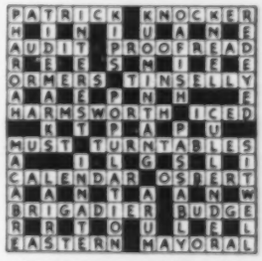
1. The composer has to jump in if the cold is not put in (6).
4. 'The very casques That did —— the air at Agincourt' (*K. Henry V*) (8).
9. Don led astray becomes head (6).
10. Means of exerting pressure a bird refuses to allow (8).
11. Sooner a nobleman that is a king (7).
13. If he loses his job, the preacher is for the booze (7).
14. A weapon which makes runs with credit (11).
17. I weep about a girl behind a pool in an Indian city (11).
21. 'Before the —— of False Morning died' (Fitzgerald) (7).
22. Useful in civil defence but not quite enough to make bandages with (7).
23. Demanding to hold on tight without a purpose (8).
24. Enthusiast about an hotel for the fish (6).
25. Thus I come in words, seen backwards as philosophy (8).
26. The letter in hospital I cannot read (6).

DOWN

1. Produce a shortened version to swot with the backward (8).
2. Asking to be supplied with a red mixture between circles (8).
3. Hostility for the West amid misfortunes (7).
5. Procedure required when the mail goes astray in a stormy area (11).
6. There is something dangerous about a hooter as a fixture on a boat (7).
7. Aids for education even when there is bombast in the school (8).
8. A canopy for the examiner (6).
12. Grievances despatched me in tears (11).
15. The court provides something to eat during the case (8).
16. Strangely deny contracted cigarettes are bad for the people (8).
17. A river from one river to another rising (7).
18. Jute spoils the sign (7).
19. Small marks which are one thing a bird does in seconds (6).
20. Plain three-quarters of a lover (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 366



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 366

K. O. Pook (Twickenham)
J. Nixon (Geneva)
B. V. Spivack (Taplow)

PERSONAL

A 14-YEAR old boy is likely to be retained in an Approved School for lack of a family to whom he can be licensed. It is desired to introduce him now to a family in north-east England who are prepared next year to offer to him a home providing understanding and firmness. Responsibility to be shared with a Welfare Officer. Persons interested will be visited for discussion. Please write, without obligation, to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Beverley.

SOCIALIST of integrity, prof. man, sks small loan urgently, from Soc. Adequate guarantees, good return for trust. Box 10379.

BACHELOR, 29, wishes holiday companion (m) for week at Edinburgh Festival 5-12 Sept. Box 10505.

YOUNG man (25), m/c, sks comp. (m) if possible with driving licence (m/c) 1 week touring holiday Sept. Box 10514.

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CHANGE of air to couple or friends on hill farm, Banffshire, Scotland, 18 September to 6 October, exchange look after 2 youths. Tel. Keith 3160 or Box 10383.

WRITERS submit stories & articles for new magazine. Mrs Brereton, 7 Fitzroy Sq, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

UNIVERSITY Student parties going to Yugoslavia September-October. £32 10s. 15 days fully inclusive. Who wants to come? Parties led by Oxford & Cambridge undergrads. Write Box 10436.

THE Blue Card Club, 97 Charing Cross Road, WC2, gets 10% reduction at London Restaurants. 1 gn. yearly. Part-time representatives needed.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, programmes, etc. Illustrations or original text reproduced. Susan Tully, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAYfair 6093.

FAMILY Planning requisites by post anywhere. Booklet, price list free under sealed cover. Premier Laboratories, Ltd, 333/46 Gray's Inn Rd, London, WC1.

PERSONAL—continued

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St, EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair', (2) req. free board & ledg in exch. 4 hrs. help, (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply: Dept. 104, TV Writing School, 7 Harley St, London, W1.

GERMAN language/literature, all levels, native teachers. Preparation for GCE, etc. New elementary courses start 1 September. Register now, Ashley College, GER. 8782.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, preferably au pair. Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton Street, SW3. KEN. 1586.

MASSAGE for health and fitness relieves nervous tension. HAM. 2514, 12-5 p.m.

GUITAR Lessons. Classical, Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd, SW10. FLA. 4354.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a Proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, M.P.

HUMANISM, a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un., 13 Prince of Wales Tce. W8.

STOP Smoking, Easily! Thousands helped. Free Booklet from Natural Health Co., Dept. J7, 23 White Hart Lane, SW13.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. per line (average six words) minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post can normally be inserted same week. N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ESSO PETROLEUM

COMPANY LIMITED

has a vacancy for an

INSTRUCTOR

at its residential training centre near Abingdon, Berkshire.

The Instructor will assist with developing and running a number of management and supervisory courses.

The position calls for acceptability and for skill in handling group discussions. Candidates, preferably aged 27-35, should be graduates. Experience of industrial training or teaching work will be an advantage.

Training will be provided to qualify the successful candidate for this position.

Candidates should reply in writing, giving full details of career to date, to the Manager, Recruitment & Training, Employee Relations Department, 16 Charles II Street, Haymarket, SW1, for appointment, quoting ref.: J.3.

Applications are invited for the following resident posts at the ELIZABETH FRY HOME, YORK, a family rehabilitation CENTRE:

1 WARDEN to be responsible for the organisation of the Centre, which accommodates a maximum of six mothers with their young children for periods of up to four months. The Committee wishes to appoint a woman with the gift of entering sympathetically into the problems of the mothers, a real desire to help them rebuild their family life, and a genuine love of children. Social Science qualifications and/or experience in dealing with problem families desirable.

Applications from married, as well as single, women will be considered, the husband to follow his own occupation, but reside in the flat provided and be willing to share in a general way in the life of the Home.

2. GENERAL ASSISTANT, preferably with Social Science qualification and/or experience in dealing with problem families.

Both posts pensionable; salary according to qualifications and experience. Application form and further information from the Hon. Secretary, the Elizabeth Fry Memorial Trust, Beverley House, Shipton Road, York.

NATIONAL UNION OF TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILDS

Applications are invited for the post of full-time Organiser (woman) for the North East of England, requiring initiative and administrative experience, to commence 1 October 1959.

Full details of salary, etc., and application form from the Secretary, 2 Cromwell Place, London, SW7.

STELLA FISHER
IN THE STRAND

A well-run Employment Agency which provides a personnel selection service for London's leading employers. Office workers of both sexes are invited to contact STELLA FISHER BUREAU, 436 Strand, London, WC2. TEM. 6644.

Licensed by LCC
Members of EMPLOYMENT AGENTS' FEDERATION.

CENTRAL Office of Information. Senior Research Officer required for Social Survey Division. This unit which is responsible for official sample survey enquiries, covers a wide field of social and economic problems, employs a variety of research methods and maintains high technical standards. Specialist sections are available for sampling, interviewing, coding and mechanical tabulation, but research officers have full responsibility for the design and reporting of survey work, much of which is published. Applicants must produce evidence of previous work involving the use of accepted methods and ability to devise new techniques where appropriate. The person recruited would have the opportunity of competing for establishment by means of an Open Competition. Post is graded Senior Information Officer; salary £1,395-£1,660 (men); £1,345-£1,600 (women). Write giving age, quals and exp., to Manager (PE461), Ministry of Labour and National Service, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon Street, London, EC4. Only those applicants selected for interview will be advised.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Chair of Education. Applications are invited for the Chair of Education (English medium). The professor should preferably be able to give formal lectures in the Philosophy and Administration of Education and in the method of certain Science subjects. In addition to administrative duties and demonstration lessons to students, he will be required to assist in the supervision of students' practice teaching in schools and to undertake and supervise advanced educational research in the Faculty. The salary scale is £2,300×100–£2,700 per annum. Applications should state age, experience, qualifications and research work and should give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and details about the Faculty of Education should be obtained) not later than 25 September, 1959. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Tutorship in History. Applications are invited for the above position. In the first instance, the appointee will be concerned mainly with tutorial work in European and British history from about the middle of the fifteenth century to about the middle of the eighteenth century. The salary for a Senior Tutor is within the range £A1,500–90–£1,770 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 26 September 1959.

SOCIAL Worker: Prison Commission. Pensionable post at Latchmere House, Borstal, near Richmond, Surrey, for woman normally at least 30 on 1.7.59 with experience of social work. Degree or diploma in social science an advantage. Duties include interviewing boys and parents. Salary £608-£851. Starting salary may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for applicn form, quoting 5022/59. Closing date 9 September 1959.

RESIDENT Assistant Warden required for Mental After Care Hostel, Cambridge. Experience not necessary but must be willing to learn and help with all duties. Starting salary £5 per week, all found. Write Secretary, 24 Ashburn Place, SW7.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above position in the Department of Education of the University of Otago. Salary range, £1,025×£50–£1,275 per annum. Further particulars are available from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1, or from the Registrar, University of Otago, Dunedin, New Zealand. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 20 September 1959.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Palmerston North University College. Appointment of Librarian. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above-mentioned post. The salary will be at the rate of £810 per annum, rising to £1,000 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applics close, in New Zealand and London, on 18 September 1959.

BBC requires Assistant, Indonesian/Malay Section (British subject). Duties (under supervision of Indonesian/Malay Programme Organiser) involve compilation of news bulletins, selection and editing of talks and arrangement of feature material for the Indonesian and Malay programmes and production work in the studio. Valuable qualifications: news experience, ability to write for broadcasting, working knowledge of operation of studio and recording equipment and radio production technique. Interest in Far Eastern affairs and knowledge of languages and countries concerned particularly desirable. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1247 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Social Worker required as locum in Parents Guidance Clinic for period of one year. Salary £515-£785 per annum. Work is mainly with parents of children under school age and is in close liaison with health visitors. Further particulars may be obtained from the Medical Officer of Health, to whom applications should be made, enclosing two testimonials, not later than 5 September 1959.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service invites applications from women with suitable qualifications and experience as Tutor to Training and Refresher Courses for Matrons and Assistant Matrons of Old People's Homes organised by National Old People's Welfare Council. Salary from £800 p.a. Further particulars and applic. forms from 26 Bedford Sq., London, WC1. Closing date 14 Sept.

RESEARCH CHEMISTS AND PHYSICISTS

Expansion of Research at Unilever Limited

Unilever require talented chemists and physicists to staff the expanding research interests of the Company.

The posts will appeal to graduates possessing imagination and a desire to apply modern research techniques to a variety of industrial problems.

Applicants should have a good honours degree and be less than 30 years old.

The basic starting salary is £750 per annum plus an additional £75 for each year of post graduate research.

Applications to: The Staff Officer, Research Division, Unilever Limited, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, EC4.

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT AND DEPUTY MATRON

Required at cottage type home for 340 children (aged between 2 and 15 years) deprived of normal home life, at Sidcup, Kent.

DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT—Position calls for person with practical knowledge of modern child care, interested in future developments in this field, with proved administrative ability. He will, of course, deputise for Superintendent as necessary but will normally have responsibility for particular aspects of the work as arranged with Superintendent. £790—£940. Annual leave 6 weeks including Bank Holidays.

DEPUTY MATRON—An energetic woman, preferably trained in domestic management and catering, interested in modern methods of child care is called for, to deputise for the matron as necessary and assist her in oversight of general domestic and housekeeping arrangements in the Home, and be able to advise housemothers on domestic problems including catering and clothing. £580—£665. Annual leave 5 weeks including Bank Holidays.

Both positions permanent and pensionable. Comfortable self-contained accommodation, board and laundry provided, for £134 14s. Details and application forms from Children's Officer (SEDO 1698) LCC, County Hall, SE1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Television Publicity Officer to be responsible to Head of Publicity for maintaining an efficient service of information for the Press at the Television Centre and Studios and for contributing ideas for promotion of the Television Service and its programmes by means of exhibitions, displays, etc. Will direct the work of a small staff for these purposes and will keep in close touch with the directorate and departmental heads of Television Service. Good organising ability, knowledge of BBC activities in the field of television, journalistic experience, an imaginative mind, and capacity to maintain good relations with the Press and with the broadcasting staff are essential. Salary £1,920 rising by five annual increments to £2,395 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1257, N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC Schools Television requires Producers and Production Assistants in School Broadcasting Department in connection with the increase in Schools Television which is being planned for Autumn, 1960. Candidates should have an informed interest in one or more of the following: Science, Natural History, Geography, Current Affairs, the work of the Primary School. The only other essential qualification is an interest in children and a lively and imaginative sense of the educational possibilities of the television medium. A university degree or other appropriate professional training desirable. Experience of teaching and knowledge of film or television production would be additional qualifications. Starting salary: Producers £1,545; Production Assistants £1,230 (in either case may be higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,970 or £1,580 respectively. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1256, N. Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Scriptwriter/Adaptor, Television, in Cardiff. Duties will include adaptation mainly for television programmes of submitted MSS and published material (plays, novels, short stories), making contact with established writers and seeking out new ones. Opportunity for original writing. Qualifications: good general education, strong visual sense, artistic judgment, proved ability in dramatic writing and active sympathy with the work of other authors. Thorough knowledge of literary activity in Wales expected. Appointment on trial for one year, initially at salary £1,230 (higher if qualifications exceptional). If extension offered, it would be for further period of three years. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.1252 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

ASSISTANT Translator: Board of Trade. Pensionable post in London for man or woman at least 20 on 1/8/59 with good qualifications in French and German (normally to at least 2nd class honours degree standard). Knowledge of another language (preferably a Slavonic one), and a high degree of competence in translating into good English, are essential. Starting salary (men) £487 (at 20) to £675 (25 or over). Scale maximum £1,085. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5018/59. Closing date 3 September 1959.

LONDON County Council. Social Workers invited to apply for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care work in Public Health Department. Work involves organisation of treatment in School Health Service, attendance at school clinics and hospital out-patient departments and the social work arising. Close co-operation with the voluntary care committee workers is an essential feature, and the position carries some responsibility for the recruitment, training and advising of these workers. There will also be opportunity for suitable candidates to take part in case work with problem families. For such candidates experience in family case work is essential, and all candidates should have had experience in practical social work, preferably with relevant social science training. Salary scale: £625 (at age 24) to £830; commencing according to qualifications and experience. Application form and details from the Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1/1837), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 7 September.

PADDINGTON Borough Council. Welfare Officer, Public Health Department. Applications are invited for this post. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience of successful candidate within range £795-£910 (APT. II). The duties will include work among immigrants from overseas. Preference will be given to candidates possessing a social science diploma of a recognised university; a wide experience in case work, and a thorough knowledge of existing social services. Applications stating age, educational qualifications, past and present appointments with names and addresses of two referees should be sent to the undersigned by 1 Sept. 1959 (Quoting A.422). W. H. Bentley, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Paddington Green, W2.

LOCUM Clinical Psychologist required. Full or part-time to work at The Maida Vale Hospital, Maida Vale, W9, for a period of three months from 1 September, 1959. Apply in writing to The House Governor, Maida Vale Hospital.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE Director required for social research unit. Starting salary £1,000 p.a. Responsible general administration of office and financial control including PAYE. Advantage if also interested in statistics. Send for application form before 1 September to Institute of Community Studies, University House, Bethnal Green, E2.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required at Maida Vale Hospital, W9. Applicants should hold the Mental Health Diploma. The work will be in the Psychiatric Dept of this neurological hospital and will be concerned mainly with out-patient adults and parents of disturbed children. Appls and enqs to the Hse Governor, Maida Vale Hospital, W9.

BOROUGH of Beddington and Wallington. Senior Library Assistants. Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians (male or female) for appointments of Senior Assistants in the Public Library. Salary for post (1) on APT I (£610-£765), and for post (2) on APT II (£765-£880), plus London Weighting. Applications on forms obtainable from the undersigned, to be returned not later than Saturday, 12 September, 1959. A. B. Bateman, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Wallington, Surrey.

DEPARTMENT of Psychological Medicine, The Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, WC1. Psychiatric Social Worker. The post is a full-time one. It includes work with the adult in-patient unit, and with children and adolescents in the out-patient department. An interest in research would be an asset. Commencing salary according to experience. The department may be visited by arrangement with the present PSW, Mrs Elsner, and applications should be sent to the Secretary to the Board of Governors, Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, WC1, as soon as possible.

FULL-TIME Leader, expd. with groups of children, for Adventure Playground. Lon NW8. Starting sal £650 p.a. Box 10581.

SUCCESSFUL Pioneer scheme, mending broken homes, reorganising, reqs residential man warden, woman asst. with nursing exp. Organiser, 36 Dale Rd, Purley, Surrey.

PART-time experienced Club Leader (man or woman) required two nights a week, new mixed club in Kilburn, NW6 area. Salary £175 per annum. Full details and application form (returnable by 7 September) from the Sec., 71 Gloucester Place, W1.

THE Furniture Development Council require a research worker to investigate factors affecting the comfort of chairs. Applicants should have had a good basic scientific education and training, although the exact discipline is unimportant. Some previous experience in ergonomics or similar work would be an advantage. Salary will be in accordance with age and experience, but will be generous to an applicant who shows real interest and ability in this new and interesting field. Applications to The Director, Furniture Development Council, 2-4 Dalmeny Avenue, London, N7.

RESEARCH Officer required for investigations into the strength properties of glued joints. Applicants should hold a degree in Physics or Engineering. Some previous research experience, with knowledge of the statistical design and analysis of experiments would be an advantage, but is not essential. Salary in accordance with qualifications and experience. Applications to The Director, Furniture Development Council, 2-4 Dalmeny Avenue, N7.

TRANSLATORS, technically qualified, to translate publications from either Russian, Polish, Czech, Rumanian, Hungarian, Albanian, Bulgarian or German to English, are required for work with US Forces in Munich, Germany. No limitations as to age and sex. Apply in writing to Mr Jozef Wysocki, 5 Princes Gardens, London, SW7.

EDUCATIONAL institution Central London requires graduate to fill post as secretary/shorthand/typist; knowledge of languages useful; 9.45-5.45; rarely Sats. Staff Pension Scheme; salary on scale £380 × £20 – £500, according to age and experience. Apply Box G., c/o P. C. Bartletts, 31 Museum St, WC1.

ENGLISH Master, full-time or part-time, wanted for French boarding school near Chantilly; tough but highly intelligent pupils; good grasp of spoken French essential; year begins 15 Sept. Apply Box 10468.

RADIO & Electrical retail business of good standing, NW London, requires: (a) TV sales & service engineer; (b) Electrician; (c) Trainee. Driving experience essential. Good prospects for keen capable men. State age & details of career, Box 10500.

DO You Think You are the Private Secretary we are looking for? Our Technical Director at Edmonton needs an experienced, skilled secretary with high speeds and ability to transcribe Stenorette dictation. Work involves Patents, technical correspondence on engineering, chemicals and textiles, necessitating meticulous filing; also minutes of meetings. Applicant should have strong personality, since she will be dealing with Directors, Executives and outside contacts. A full-sized job? Yes – but satisfying, offering scope for advancement within a rapidly expanding public company. Pleasant office and friendly surroundings. 5-day week 9 to 5.30. Commencing £11 to £12, according to experience. Please phone Administration Manager, Staflex Company Ltd, LANgham 8371.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY reqd on business side of this journal. 5-day week. Write fully to Manager, 10 Great Turnstile, WC1.

GRADUATE teaching couple urgently needed for Christian schools in Nigeria. Challenging, rewarding work. ROD. 7341.

YOUNG man, interested in film distribution, required to assist in the maintenance and despatch department of Contemporary Films, Ltd, 14 Soho Square, W1. Please write stating age, exp and wage reqd.

TRANSLATOR/Shorthand-typist, bilingual French/English, required. Commencing salary £11 6s. per week. Write Miners' International Federation, 75 Blackfriars Road, London, SE1.

USA opportunity Sept.-June min. Anglo-American family, mother social worker, want girl domestic helper. Wistrich, MAI. 8943.

SECRETARY, 23/35, with fluent French for editorial post. Salary £12. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

WELL-furnished single divan room with central heating in modern house Cricklewood, in exchange for half-day housework to capable house-proud person. Must have references and experience of housework. Suitable for person with afternoon job or small income. Students welcomed. Write full details Box ZT 601, Deacon's Advertising, 36 Leadenhall Street, EC3.

AU-PAIR girl required. Two children at school. Excellent terms and conditions. Northwood, Middlesex area. Box 10499.

MOTHER'S help required for family going on holiday from 12 to 26 September. Phone Kingston 9814.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WELFARE work, London; three whole days weekly, wanted by married woman. Social Science Diploma, and fifteen years experience general family casework. Box 10457.

TEACHER (m., 31) sks employment in Scandinavia, not necess. teaching. Box 10458.

YOUNG man 30, intelligent, practical, farm general management exp., sks responsible post. Isolation no objection. Box 10396.

AMERICAN girl graduate, office, teaching, library experience, etcher & painter, seeks full- or part-time job, London. Box 10465.

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AUTUMN AND WINTER HOLIDAYS

Autumn arrangements: you can still be included in some of our September and October holidays in Britain or on the Continent (Italy, Yugoslavia, South of France, Spain and Ballearics, Portugal and Greece).

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Advance information is available now, also comprehensive leaflet 'Schools, Students, Clubs and other private Parties'. Free holiday for organiser.

ERNA LOW,
47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, SW7. KEN. 8881-4.

AUTUMN cruise to the USSR. 18 days – 43 gns only. Sailing 18 September & calling at Scandinavian capitals en voyage. Incredibly good value & a really restful trip – send now for full details to Contours Limited, 72 Newman Street, London, W1. Tel. MUSeum 8499.

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PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1959 booklet, 'Better Holidays', Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage available to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian National Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, Lon., WC1. HOL. 1193.

UNDERWATER enthusiasts travelling to Elba, 4-25 September, have vacant seats; Phone GLA. 9818.

£17 Return. VW Microbus leaving for Oktoberfest, Munich. Full details, R. Wells, 200 Neasden Lane, NW10. Phone GLA. 7273.

EDINBURGH Club facits facing Castle; International House, 127 Princes Street.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. TEM. 5588.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS—continued

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APOLLO Agency for typewriting, duplicating and all secretarial services, 18 Hanover St, W1. MAYfair 5091.

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DUPLICATING (Reports, Price-Lists, Programmes, Circulars). Typing translations Mabel Eyles and Partners, 10 Beaconsfield Road, N.11 (Ent. 3324).

SERBO-Croat translations and private lessons. Box 10438.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

SEPT. 'Labour Monthly': R. P. Dutt, 'Election Outlook'; Robert Willis, 'A Printer Speaks Out'; D. N. Pritt, QC, 'Light on Nyasaland', 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly (post-free), Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, N3.

INN-SIDE, fortnightly news of pubs, cafes, hotels, restaurants, resorts, home & abroad, of interest but moderate price. No's. 1-2, 2s. 6d.; 1-10, 10s. 56 Belsize Pk, NW3.

POSTURE, Habit & Health. An Introduction to the Alexander Technique by Eric de Peyer. Price 1s. 2d. (incl. postage) from Secretary, 7 Wellington Square, SW3.

SPANISH Civil War, Russia, Socialism; we buy books, pamps, journals; any lang. The Hammersmith Bookshop, W6. RIV. 6807.

PERSONAL attention given overseas orders all types of books. Poole-Bickford Trading, 22 Buckingham St, Strand, Lond., WC2.

S/HAND books, records, posted. Lists sent. Silverdale, 1142/6 Argyle St, Glasgow.

GERMAN books bought & sold: Libris, 38A Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Ge.ucht! R. & E. Steiner (Books), Phone AMBassador 1564.

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GLORIOUS Devon. For late hols try Bossell Guest House, Buckfastleigh. Ideal touring, walking, fishing, relaxation. Tel. 3294.

BOOK Now for mid-Sept. & Oct. at this small, friendly hotel in best sea-front pos. Recom. by readers and others. Simple vegtn fare if desired. From 7 gns., fully inclusive. Inexpensive upper flr rooms. No gratuities. Slumberlands; h. & c.; 2 lounges. Illus. broch. free. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Sea-front, St Leonards, Sussex, Hastings 4784.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

BOURNEMOUTH. Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel. 21944. 33 rms. 150 yards sea front. Gdns, putting green, garages. Superlative food. Doubles August 10½ gns.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & informal. 6½/7½ gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst, 166.

SUSSEX. 18th Century Lamb House, Chapel Hill, Lewes. Lovely Downland country. Delightful rooms, breakfast, garden. Tel. 1773.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast and country. 5s. post free from Victor Hilton (NS), Sundial House, Torquay.

COTSWOLDS. Guests welc. in simple country house in lovely valley, 8 gns wkly. Mrs Collier, 'Steanbridge', Nr Stroud, Glos.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club. 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SEPTEMBER only. Furnished ground-floor flat, Islington. 3 rooms, own garden, use tel., child welcome. 17 mins West End. 4 gns weekly, gas, elec. incl. ARC. 2887.

HAMPSTEAD. Beautiful lge single b/s. rm, 4 gns p.w., inc. serv. PRI. 0488.

BEAUT., lge, sunny div.-sit., single, all facs, h. & c., nr buses, tube. 3 gns. GLA. 3554.

BED-sitting rm., comfortable, private house. Hampstead Garden Suburb. SPE. 7684.

NEWLY dec. bed-sit. to let to girl. Nr Heath and buses. HAMpstead 6632.

TO share: s/c. flat Holland Pk area, all cons. Profsls only. 55s. WES. 0870.

GRADS sk 3rd girl share sunny Hampst. flat. Own lge room. £3. SWI. 2742.

WELL furn. flatlet, kit./din. rm & bed-sit.-rm. Suit 1 or 2 ladies. TUD. 2623.

HAMPSTEAD, contemporary furnished s/c 2-room flat, suit 2 sharing. SWI. 4739.

STUD./post-grad. any nationality. Lge quiet rm, pt board. GUL. 8978 bef. 10 a.m.

ATTRACT. b/sit. room, priv. house, ckg facils, no linen, no bkfast. Lady preferred. 3 gns. HAMpstead 9271.

SWISS Cott. Furn. flat to let 4 wks from 30 Aug. 6 gns p.w. inc. PRI. 7693.

LARGE sunny b/s. & kit., London W1. Avail. to quiet yng man or woman. 5 gns p.w. Ring GER. 9911 or write Box 10501.

W2. Furnished maisonette 2nd/3rd floors. Sittingroom, bedroom, bathroom, kitchen/dining room. Hot water provided; no plate, no linen. New decorations. £8 10s. weekly, phone after 7 p.m. BAY. 2162.

LARGE, light, airy g.f. room to let. Gas, elec. & water fitted. Good address, N. London, suitable studio or office. Non residential. £2 10s. p.w. Box 10517.

PART flat SW15. Lge vac. rm, use kit., bath, garden, storerm. £3 inc. gas & elec. Furn./pt furn. Nr undergd. Ring RAV. 4704.

LUXURY type unf. flat Hamp. 3 rms, kit./dining alcove, sunny. £350 p.a. excl., lino, fitted curtains available. Box 10450.

QUIET garden flatlet for one, NW3; furn.; architect designed b./s. kitte, c.h.w. £4 10s, p.w. Tel. PRI. 5861 before 10 a.m.

HAMPSTEAD. Large furn. single room facing gdn, kitchenette, in home of young professional cple & family. £3 3s. SWI. 3995.

LGE Studio Hampstead. £2—5 occ. baby-sitt. Board if required. Box 10481.

HIGHGATE Wds. Beautiful b/s. room, 2 gns. single. £2 15s. double. TUDor 8207.

OFF Sloane Square – Flatlet in Georgian house, comfortably furnished for one, possibly two. Kitchen-bathroom, bed-sitter opening on to garden – £30 a month incl. light, gas, heating, c.h.w., cleaning. Tel. quarterly rental 50s. Box 10611 or SLOane 6729.

WELL-furn. large ground-floor flat, three rooms, kit., bath., W3 district. Suit 2 or 3 ladies. 7 gns. Box 10574.

HAMPSTEAD Heath. 2-room flatlet, i.e., bed-sit. and kitchen-dinette. SWI. 3043.

ATTRACT. furn. large b/s., elegant hse, NW2. All facs. GLA. 9088 after 6.

SWISS Cottage. Large double room with own small kitchen. 4½ gns. weekly, including light & linen. 'Phone PRI. 3414.

TO let, attract. furn. cottage, Snowdonia. Suit artist, writer. Elec., water. Sleep 4. Rent £1 p.w. Oct.-March. Box 10609.

FURN. cottage to let Sept.-March, 4 gns. p.w. Lovely Sussex village near coast. Mod. cons. Box 10541.

COMFORTABLE villa in charming lake-side village. Available from October-May. Lovely late autumn, good skiing from Christmas onwards. Domestic help provided. Moderate terms. Ideal conditions for author, artist, scientist, for work in secluded peace and comfort. Schiff, Alt-Aussee, Austria.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

QUIET grad. (m) reqs cheap central b/s. Write Rooth, 2 Mercier Rd, SW15.

VICTORIA. Small unf. s/c flat req. by quiet couple. Max. £300 p.a. Box 10516.

YNG cple req. furn. flat mid-Sept. Easy reach West End. Reas. rent. Box 10519.

CHEAP single and double rooms with cooking facilities required for students. Please write, stating terms, to Miss Blaber, Royal College of Art, SW7.

YOUNG male lecturer reqs small furn. flat. Access. Victoria. 41 Alderney St, SWI.

TRANSLATOR wants unf. flat/house. Rent /buy. Moderate. Quiet. Holland Pk pref., other areas considered. 3 in family. Box 10439.

YNG grad. cple, wife wheelchair-bound, urg. req. step-free accom. London area Sept.-Oct. Any suggs? Write Poole, Highland Manor, Scotland Lane, Horsforth, Leeds.

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A FLAT. Would anyone interested purchasing share, i.e., flat, in converted house, co-operative basis, write Box 10449.

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COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Box Off: Tel.: COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET
Evgs 7.30, Mats Sats 2.15

31 Aug.	The Rake's Progress, Rinaldo and Armida, The Firebird
1 Sept.	Les Rendezvous, Blood Wedding, Ballet Imperial
2 Sept.	The Rake's Progress, La Belle Dame Sans Merci (first perf. by The Royal Ballet), Les Rendezvous
3 Sept.	Sylvia
4 Sept.	Ondine
5 Sept. (mat.)	Coppelia, Facade
5 Sept. (evg)	Ondine

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Tu.-Fri. 8, St. & Sn. 5 & 8. 'Quartet for Five'. Mems.

DUKE of York's. TEM. 5122. Evgs 7.30, Sats 5 & 8. Thurs. 2.30. Joan Plowright in 'Roots' by Arnold Wesker. 'It is original and entertaining . . . well produced, admirably acted'. New Statesman.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls 3-yr Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. 6th week, 12th Ed. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sats 5 & 8.15. Mats. Thurs. 2.30. Vivien Leigh, Anthony Quayle, Max Adrian, Robert Stephens, Meriel Forbes, in 'Look after Lulu!' by Noel Coward. Transfers to New Theatre on 8 Sept.

UNITY, EUS 5391. 'Take it as Red'. A new revue. Fr., Sat., Sun., 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ROYAL ALBERT HALL

HENRY WOOD
PROMENADE CONCERTS

Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30
Tickets: 8s. 6d., 6s. 6d. 4s. 6d., at Hall (KEN 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade, 3s., available nightly at doors.

MALAYAN Independence Anniversary 'Variety Concert', Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. Sat., 29 August, 8.15 p.m. Tkts 2s. 6d. avail. at door and Reception, Malaya Hall, 44/47 Bryanston Sq. W1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns.) Art Films Prog. in colour Rembrandt, Van Gogh, Utrillo.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Summer Revivals. Until 30 Aug. Vive Monsieur Blireau (U). Between the Tides (U). From 31 Aug. Guinness in The Lavender Hill Mob (U). Laurel & Hardy in The Music Box (U).

ROXY. BAY. 2345. W/c 30 Aug. Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, 'The Great Waltz' (U). Clark Gable, 'San Francisco' (A).

SUNDAY Films in colour – Royal Festival Hall 19 July to 6 Sept. 6 p.m. 'Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme', by the Comedie Francaise – in French with English sub-titles, 8.30 p.m. 'Eugene Onegin' – Bolshoi Theatre production with English sub-titles. Tickets for each film 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. (WATerloo 3191).

CEYLONESE film 'Rekava' with English sub-titles, Thursday, 3 September, Royal Commonwealth Society, Northumberland Ave, WC2. 7 p.m. Regular monthly shows of outstanding films from India and Asia. Information and tickets (members 2s., 3s. non-members 1s. extra) from India Film Soc., 31a John Adam St., WC2. (TRA. 2110)

BULGARIA'S Liberation Day Celebration Meeting, Fri., 11 Sept., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Holborn. New Bulgarian dances & film: 'A Journey through Bulgaria' (1½ hours). Adm. free by tkt. Apply SFB, 42 Tavistock St., Aldwych, WC2, COV. 1453.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON, Royal Pavilion. Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Period costumes. The Londonderry Ambassadorial Silver. Open 10 to 8 daily, including Sundays.

CORSHAM Court, Nr Bath. Open every day except Mondays. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2.0-6.0. 2s. 6d.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood Exhibitions: 'William Gilpin and the Picturesque' and '18th Century Portrait Busts'. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. Refreshments available. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations. (987)

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Summer Exhibition of 1959. Paintings by Soulages; De Stael; Manessier; Ernst; Sutherland; Pasmore; Ceri Richards; Avray Wilson, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GALLERY One, W1. (GER. 3729.) Hussein Shariffe: paintings.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED new prints in preparation: Degas facsimile, Ochterveldt, Picasso, Pissarro. Catalogue of present range 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St. W1. Ettore Colla, Iron Sculpture. Until 19 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Adm. 1s., members free.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. (Watercolours, Drawings and Prints.) Till 27 September. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Kenneth Armitage Retrospective: Sculpture and drawings 1948-1959. Last three days. To-day and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East station.

CROWAN Pottery. Exhibition of pottery & photographic section illustrating working & economic background. At The Crafts Centre, 16/17 Hay Hill, W1. 13 Aug.-2 Sept.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Sculpture by Gudrun Krueger, Paintings by Maurice Jadot, Klaus J. Fischer, Fritz Ruoff. Till 12 September, Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

WADDINGTON Galleries House Exhibition II inc. Yeats, Hitchens, Rouault, Hilton, Zack, Frost, Adler, Heron, Alva, Wynter, Hayden, Wells, Bell. 2 Cork St, W1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16, Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings – Patrick Betaudier, Nina Hosali, Malcolm Betts. 17 Aug. to 5 Sept. 10-6, Sats 10-1.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Sculpture – Arp, Giacometti, Matisse, Picasso, etc. To 11 Sept. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery: Summer Exhibition – Impressionist and Modern Paintings. 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. Part II, Artists of Fame and Promise. A New Exhibition. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

THE Romantic Movement: Council of Europe Tenth Anniversary. An Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery (Painting & Sculpture). Till 27 Sept. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. 19th and 20th Century European Masters – Bonnard, Cezanne, Dufy, Gauguin, Gris, Klee, Matisse, Picasso, Soutine, etc. Daily 10-5, Saturdays 10-12.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MASS Arrests African Women Natal, S. Africa. Protest Meeting. Friends House, Euston Road, Fri., 28 Aug., 7.30 spkrs.: Tennyson Makiwane, Manuela Sykes & Sally Sacks. Women's organisations espec. invited.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Tom Little, 'The Middle East', Wed., 2 Sept., 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d.

LEO Baeck Institute of Jews from Germany. Public Meeting, 51 Belsize Square, NW3, Monday, 7 Sept, 8 p.m. Prof. Gershom Scholem (Jerusalem): Juedische Wissenschaft einst und jetzt. Prof. Ernst Simon (Jerusalem): Unser juedisches und europaeisches Bildungsgut. In the Chair: Dr S. Moses (Jerusalem). Admission free.

MINOR Drama – a talk on the Children's Theatre. The New Jewish Society, the Simon Marks Room, Bedford House, 108 Baker St, W1, 8 p.m. Wed., 2 September.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Holland Street, W8. 5 September at 6 p.m. Swedish Film: 'Summer with Monika'.

'KARMA – the Real Deterrent.' Public Lec., Sun., 30 Aug., 8 p.m. Free lit. s.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns., W2 (PAD. 0688).

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ULR Lunchtime Forum, Tuesday, 1 Sept., 1 p.m., The Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. Speaker to be announced.

RUSSIAN plays read/acted in Russ. Join us Tuesdays, 8, 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

THE POLYTECHNIC
309 Regent Street, W1
Session 1959-60

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THE EVENING SCHOOL provides courses of study for men and women employed in Commerce and Public Administration. Students may prepare for any of the following:

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4. Diploma in Public Administration, London
5. University Extension Diploma in Economics.
6. Local Government Administrative Examinations in Municipal and Government Administration.
7. Association of Incorporated Statisticians Examinations.

Session 1959-60 commences on Monday, 28 September.

New students will be enrolled between 3 p.m. and 8 p.m. on 22 September. (Former students, 21 September, 5.00-8.00 p.m.)

Prospectuses may be obtained on application to the Director of Education.

HUMANISM. A Weekend Conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, 11-13 September; inclusive charge £3. Full details from The Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

ALBERT Schweitzer College, Churwalden/Grisons (4,000 ft) Switzerland. Year Course 1959-60, three 11-week terms, 4 Oct.-6 July. A modern international study centre inspired by the life and thought of Albert Schweitzer. A balanced education in a democratic community. Courses, in both English and German on philosophical and sociological problems, religion, ethics and psychology. Language instruction. Arts, literature & sports. Good general education reqd. Min. age 18. Information, Refs. & applic.: Prof. Hans Casparis, Albert Schweitzer College, Churwalden GR, Switzerland.

ST JAMES' Academy, 283 Oxford St, W1 HYDe Park 6524. Intensive full/part-time secretarial courses start 28 September. Small groups. Remarkable results. Also attractive language courses and English for Continentals. Hampstead residence.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

CAMBRIDGE Proficiency. Mrs Cleo Hunt, BA (Hons.) Oxon, has vacancies in her class at Progressive English Group, 126 Boundary Road, NW8. (Tel: MAI. 1925). Candidates are required to write short composition before acceptance in class considered. Over 90% passes. Also some vacancies Cambridge Lower. Both classes begin 1 September.

THE Re-education Centre (formerly the Isobel Cripps Centre Ltd.), 18 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park, W11, under the direction of Lois Caink and Donald Grant. Tuition in Posture, Movement and relaxation of muscular and nervous tension.

PAINTING as a Pastime. Mary Law, Exhibitor at RA & Paris Salon. Small classes, beginners welc. Phone WIL. 6025.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

HOME Preparation for Examinations, University Correspondence College, est. 1887, conducts tuition by postal lessons for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(econ), LLB), ACP, LCP, Law, and many other exams. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

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RUSSIAN, French, German. Conversations, private lessons. Expert tuition by native teachers. The Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). TRA. 2044.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secretary, Davies's, 2 Addison Road, W14. PARk 8392.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas; Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prospectus (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept. VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

CHINESE, Japanese conv./'O' 'A' level, evng intensive courses by Mr Li. MOU. 2615.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

PRIVATE lessons Shorthand, Typing, English, French, Mabel Eyles. ENT. 3324.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish meth. Personal and class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. Tel. COV. 0754.

SPARE-Time Writing. Get more pleasure & profit from writing by taking an ICS Home Study Course. Apply for Free Book to: International Correspondence Schools, 71 Kingsway, Dept. SS.2, London, WC2.

SCHOOLS

A HIGHGATE Montessori Nursery (inspected and approved by the County Health Dept). Open all the yr round for children 2½-5 years. Hrs 8.30 a.m.-6.30 p.m. Mon.-Fri. Further partics Tel. Princ. MOU. 0956.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wynstones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

THE Town and Country School. 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group of full and weekly boarders accepted. Weekends at country house in Chiltern Hills 800ft above sea. French-Engl. holiday group (August), Elizabeth Paul, Ph.D.

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Session 1959-60 begins on 14 September, 1959.
Evening courses begin on 28 September, 1959.
Enrolment for evening courses begins on 14 September, 5.30—7.30 p.m.
Prospectuses may be obtained from A. J. SHAWCROSS, Principal. (1631)

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